The Outlook

FEBRUARY 21, 1923

THE NEED OF A NATIONAL POLICE BUREAU

SEVEN hundred municipal police departments in the United States are members of the National Police Conference, and that Conference has indorsed the bill now in the United States Senate to establish an independent bureau, to be known as the National Police Bureau, to promote police efficiency by gathering and disseminating criminal intelligence and police information.

At a recent meeting of police chiefs of America Commissioner Enright, of New York, delivered an informative address which was heard not only by his immediate audience, but by a much larger audience over the wireless telephone. In this address Commissioner Enright answered fully and convincingly the question as to why such a National police bureau should be established and what benefit might be expected from it. He truly said that concentration, centralization, and co-operation have been the watchwords of all big business organizations in this country during the last generation. Applying this to the police situation, he asserted that the crying need in police work in America is co-ordination as between different cities, as between the cities and the Federal Government, and, finally, as between this country and other countries.

Mr. Enright gave several illustrations of the lack of co-operation in the pursuit of the criminal at home and abroad. Perhaps the most striking was that relating to the lack of interchange of finger-prints. To take photographs of the prints is simple and inexpensive; a town that boasts of even one policeman may easily use this now all-important system of criminal identification. But even this single policeman should not merely make a record to keep in his own office. He should send a copy to a central depository of finger-print information, so that detectives and Secret Service officers all over the country, and even all over the world, might use this information. Another illustration as between States is the forty-eight different varieties of traffic laws and traffic regulations—one for each State. Why not centralize these laws and make a universal set of traffic symbols?

Within the last five years something like fifty thousand American lives have been lost through criminal activities, or about the same total of death loss that this country had in the World War. Great Britain has a much smaller percentage of murders and a larger percentage of convictions than this or, indeed, any other country. Why should we not study and compare, and improve our police and law systems as needed?

We laugh at the inefficiency of local policemen who bundle a doubtful character over the line into the next town, but the police system which leads a man like the Police Commissioner of the greatest city in the country to lament that the New York police have no interest in crime conditions in Chicago or San Francisco, and *vice versa*, is the same thing on a big scale.

The third International Police Conference will open in New York City on May 1, and among the many hundred delegates will be high police officers from all, or almost all, of the important cities of the world. This will be an occasion for preaching and pushing the idea of co-operation and friendly emulation.

PROTECTING WOMEN WORKERS

LAST week we called attention to the attempt to obtain a decision from the United States Supreme Court declaring unconstitutional the Minimum Wage Law of the District of Columbia which tries to obtain reasonable, living wages for women. Now New York State is through its Legislature considering the enactment of a similar law.

When some ten years ago Massachusetts was establishing a Minimum Wage Law for women and children—a law, by the way, the validity of which has never been seriously questioned—we pointed out that the time had passed when it was deemed a dire offense against the sacred law of demand and supply to limit in any way the right of private contract for wages. The reason is that when the standard of living of great masses of the industrial population is involved, the matter ceases to be private and becomes public, and that to leave the power of contracting absolutely without limitation often means leaving the wage-earners to "the decision of the least humane, the most oppressive of employers."

The New York law follows the general lines of the similar laws which have been enacted in many States and in several foreign countries. It would establish for the State a Minimum Wage Commission of three, which should, after thorough inquiry and only when needed, fix the least weekly or monthly wage which should be paid to women in a particular employment. There are of course the usual provisions for open hearings, for the right of the employers to appeal against a decision, and for dealing with exceptional cases.

Is such a law needed in the State of New York? We find figures quoted from a recent report of the State Department of Labor which would indicate that it is. The figures relate, to be sure, to conditions existing between one and two years ago, but there is no reason to suppose that the same conditions do not hold true to-day. The New York Bureau of Municipal Research then estimated a reasonable living wage of a woman clerical worker at from $16.50 to $19.50 a week. Yet the State Department of Labor tells us that the average earnings of women workers in paper-box factories and in mercantile shops range between $11 and $12, while in candy factories it averages from $9.50 to $10, and in cigar factories $11. These figures are only indications, and it is to be assumed that before fixing any minimum rate for various classes of employment the proposed New York commission, if the bill goes through, would make a thorough study of wages and living costs. California fixes a minimum wage of $16 for women in all occupations.

If the Federal Supreme Court sustains the principle of the minimum wage for women, it would be hard to show any good reason why New York should not join thirteen fellow-States in this humane and modern type of legislation.

LINCOLN AND TUSKEGEE

ON Lincoln's Birthday, in the vicinity of the Southern community of Tuskegee, Alabama, the Vice-President of the United States dedicated one of the largest of the various hospitals which the Government has erected for the care and cure of the veterans of the late war. The occasion was distinguished from other similar ceremonies, however, by the fact that the hospital at Tuskegee is exclusively for the use of Negro veterans, and is the first institution to be erected solely for this purpose.

Almost two million dollars have been spent upon the Tuskegee hospital by the Treasury Department, and a total of six hundred beds have been provided for Negro patients. The hospital is de-

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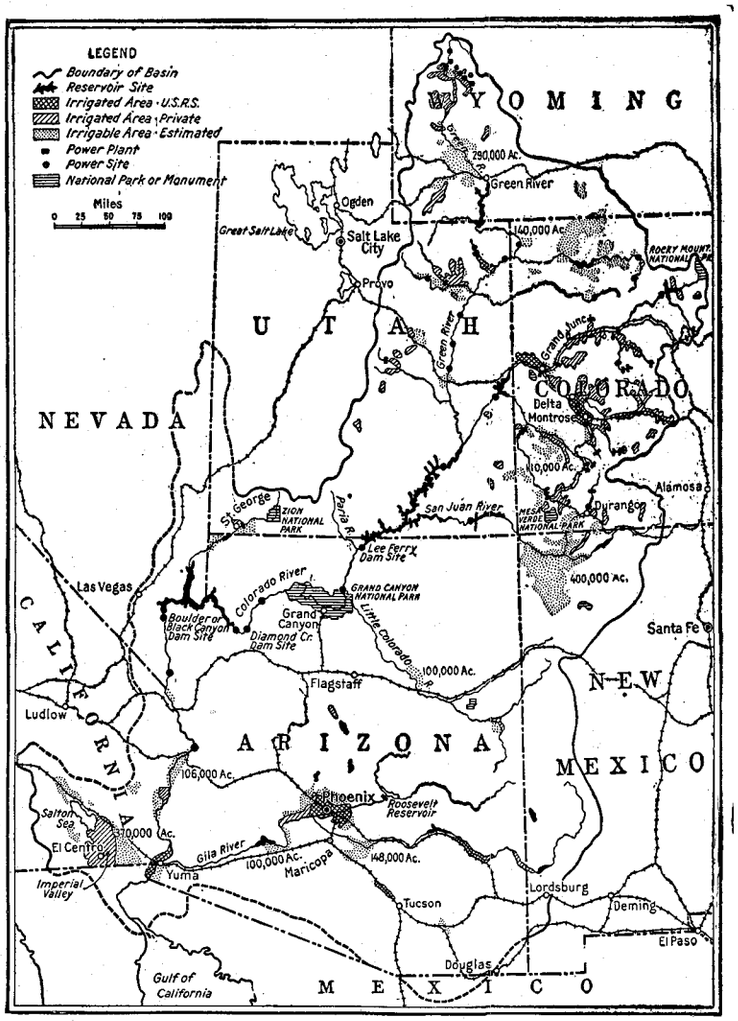

THE AREA AFFECTED BY THE COLORADO RIVER PROJECT

Hundreds of thousands of acres of arid land will be made into fertile farms by the development of the Colorado River, and great hydro-electric plants will distribute power from Los Angeles to Denver

signed especially for the treatment of tuberculous and neuro-psychiatric cases, and has been equipped with every modern appurtenance that is known to be of value in cases of this sort. Grouped about a large infirmary building are twenty-six other buildings, all permanent and fire-proof, and the entire institution is located upon a tract of more than four hundred acres of land, some of which will be beautified, but most of which will be used for gardens, dairy, and other practical purposes.

Adjoining the hospital grounds are the extensive grounds of the Tuskegee Industrial and Normal Institute, founded by the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, and now under the capable guidance of Dr. R. R. Moton. It was largely through the activity of Dr. Moton that the Government's new hospital for Negro veterans was located at Tuskegee, and it is everywhere conceded that the situation is ideal.

Vice-President Coolidge delivered an address which was suited both to the day and to the occasion. Of Lincoln he said in the course of a thoughtful analysis of his achievement and character:

> He re-established the theory of the Fathers, that the Government belongs to all the people. He made forever plain and clear the right to individual freedom. The whole power of America now stands unchangeably committed to that principle. The life of Abraham Lincoln gave a new and practical meaning to the right of self-government which was to grow into a great world of influence.

It was a natural transition from the purpose and belief of Lincoln to the value and service of Tuskegee. Mr. Coolidge described in some detail what the colored people did in the World War. More than 2,250,000 were registered under the draft provisions and 400,000 went into actual military service; the Ninety-second Division was composed exclusively of Negro troops; 6 officers and 203 enlisted men were killed in action, and their total casualties were 1,847, while 14 officers and 43 men received the Distinguished Service Cross. Now the colored soldiers have resumed their peace-time occupations with, as the speaker said, "a broader outlook and a firmer patriotism."

The attitude as between whites and blacks, Mr. Coolidge declared, was to exercise Lincoln's supreme virtue—that of forbearance. And he added:

> It is for us who must live together as Americans, whatever our race or creed may be, constantly to remember his words: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies." Those who stir up animosities, those who create any kind of hatred and enmity, are not ministering to the public welfare. We have come out of the war with a desire and a determination to live at peace with all the world. Out of a common suffering and a common sacrifice there came a new meaning to our common citizenship. Our greatest need is to live in harmony, in friendship, and in good will, not seeking an advantage over each other, but all trying to serve each other.

It is in that spirit that this great hospital was dedicated on Lincoln's Birthday, as well as the entire institution which has done such splendid service to a race and to the country.

A STUPENDOUS PROJECT

THE public has become so accustomed to taking for granted the successful outcome of great engineering feats that the stupendousness of the Colorado River Basin Development as yet scarcely seems to have received attention, at least in the East, commensurate with its vast importance. Seven States lying within the great basin of the Colorado River are combining efforts in order to set to work its entire annual flow for the purpose of irrigating millions of acres of arid lands, of generating electrical energy to the extent of six millions of horse-power, and, by means of dams constructed partly for this purpose, of protecting two million acres of valuable lands in the region of the famous Imperial Valley of southern California from the yearly threat of destructive flood.

In addition to a number of minor dams to be constructed in the headwaters of the Colorado, two immense barriers are to be thrown across the canyon at favorable spots where the rock walls are close together, one at Lee's Ferry above the well-known Grand Canyon National Park, another something over one hundred miles below it, at Boulder Canyon on the border of Nevada. These two will be capable of backing up and holding every drop that flows through the river's channel during more than two years. To those who have seen the river at high-water mark, when swollen by the melting winter snows along its scores of mountain tributaries, it doubtless will be a difficult thing to believe that anything

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TILL FURTHER SETTLING

(King Lear, Act IV, Scene 7)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

IF WE GET THAT WORM WE'LL HAVE A HARD TIME KEEPING IT

From Paul H. Ramsey, Columbus, Ohio

James in the St. Louis Star

"AH! A CHANCE TO TWIST THE LION'S TAIL"

Reid in the New York Evening Mail

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JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

IN CHAINS

From Mrs. G. Meyn, St. Louis, Mo.

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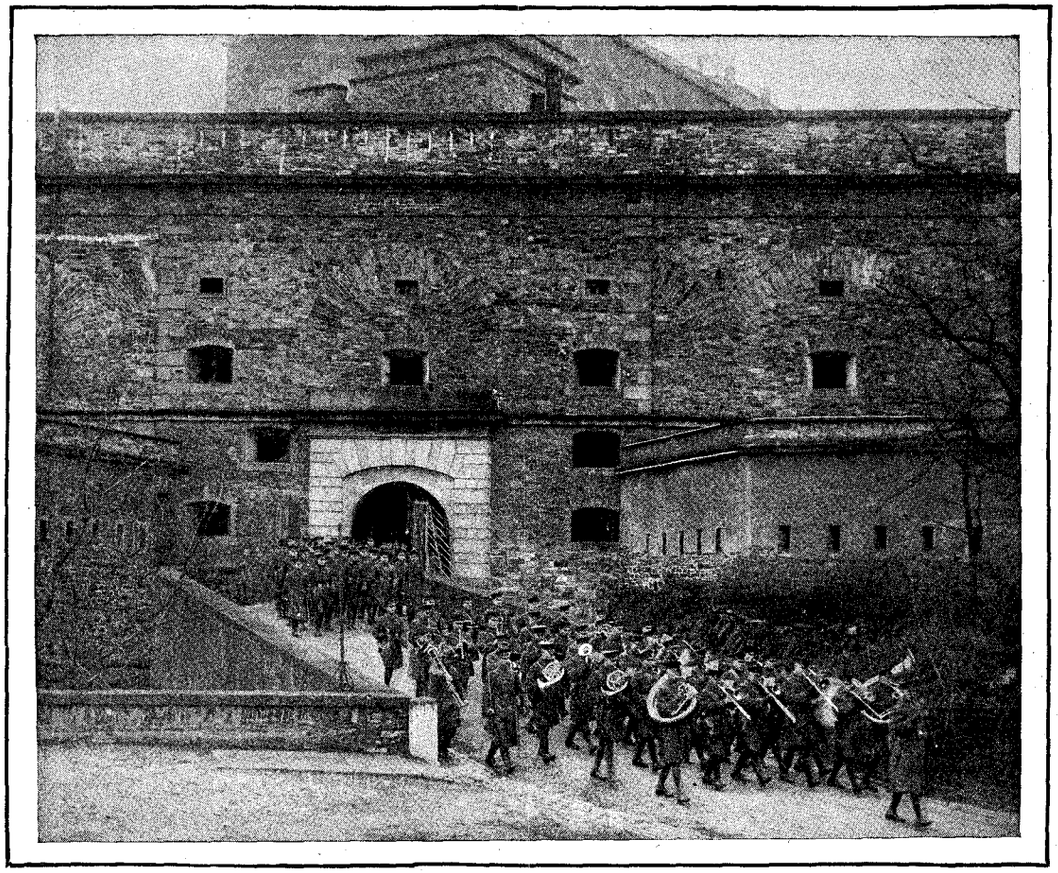

AMERICA DROPS HER SHARE OF THE BURDEN

AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING OUT OF THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN, NEAR COBLENZ, ON THE RHINE, ON THEIR WAY HOME

smaller than an emptied sea-basin could contain even a fraction of the waters of this turbulent stream during so long a period of time. Nor will it be any easier to picture a wall of rock extending a fifth of a mile from side to side and standing nearly as high as the Woolworth Tower. The highest of these two dams will be exactly double the height of the highest similar structure already in existence, and will stand 700 feet above the normal level of the river. It will impound 80 times as much water as the Ashokan Dam and 36 times as much as the famous Assouan Dam of Egypt.

A SAFE AND SENSIBLE PLAN

One gasps at the disastrous possibilities in case such a dam should burst, loosing on the land below a wall of water 700 feet high and 150 miles in length. The answer is that those dams which have failed in the past have been of a wholly different type of construction. The proposed structures are comparatively short and are perfectly dovetailed into deep cuts made in the unyielding walls of solid rock at their respective ends. The others were long, and often were simply straight barrages thrown across the stream. Such structures cannot have a fraction of the strength possessed by the "recumbent arch" dam. This, having an outline curved or bowed in an upstream direction, requires in order to move it not merely sufficient force to tip over the stonework, but actually to crush the stones against one another.

Will the development injure the Grand Canyon?

The sightseer on the Bright Angel Trail will be unable to gather any visual evidence that the dams exist, for following the initial filling of the reservoirs the usual excess of water will continue to flow through the Canyon as before, while neither dams nor reservoirs will encroach one inch on the area of the Grand Canyon National Park.

While it is the intention of the Commission appointed by the seven States involved to award full priority of right to the use of water for agriculture, it will be possible, in addition, to generate in the entire basin over six millions of electrical horse-power.

This giant proposal involves a great host of legal ramifications and political influences, yet it is to the credit of the seven States involved—namely, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, and California—that long and costly litigation is being replaced by mutual study and concession. A commission has been appointed consisting of members from each State involved, meeting with representatives of the Federal Government. The Chairman of the Commission is Herbert Hoover, who, himself an engineer, is endeavoring to bring about a mutually satisfactory solution of the problem and to set in motion the actual work of this project which should bring within control of man the last outpost of that indefinite Western area which was labeled on the schoolbook maps of our fathers, "The Great American Desert, Valueless."

OUR FELLOW-REPUBLICS TO THE SOUTH

The present American Administration has carried on and emphasized the general policy of this country to cultivate friendship and confidence in Central American and South American Republics. One evidence that this confidence is increasing and is genuine has been the Central American Conference which has just been held at Washington on the invitation of President Harding. It was a highly successful and practical meeting, for no less than fourteen agreements, or "conventions," to use the technical word, were entered into by the five Republics that participated—Nicaragua, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras. There was one other agreement (namely, for free trade between these countries) in which all but Costa Rica joined.

The agreements will set up permanent Central American commissions on finance, economics, public works, and banking and railway problems. They include provisions of peace and amity, the founding of a Central American in-

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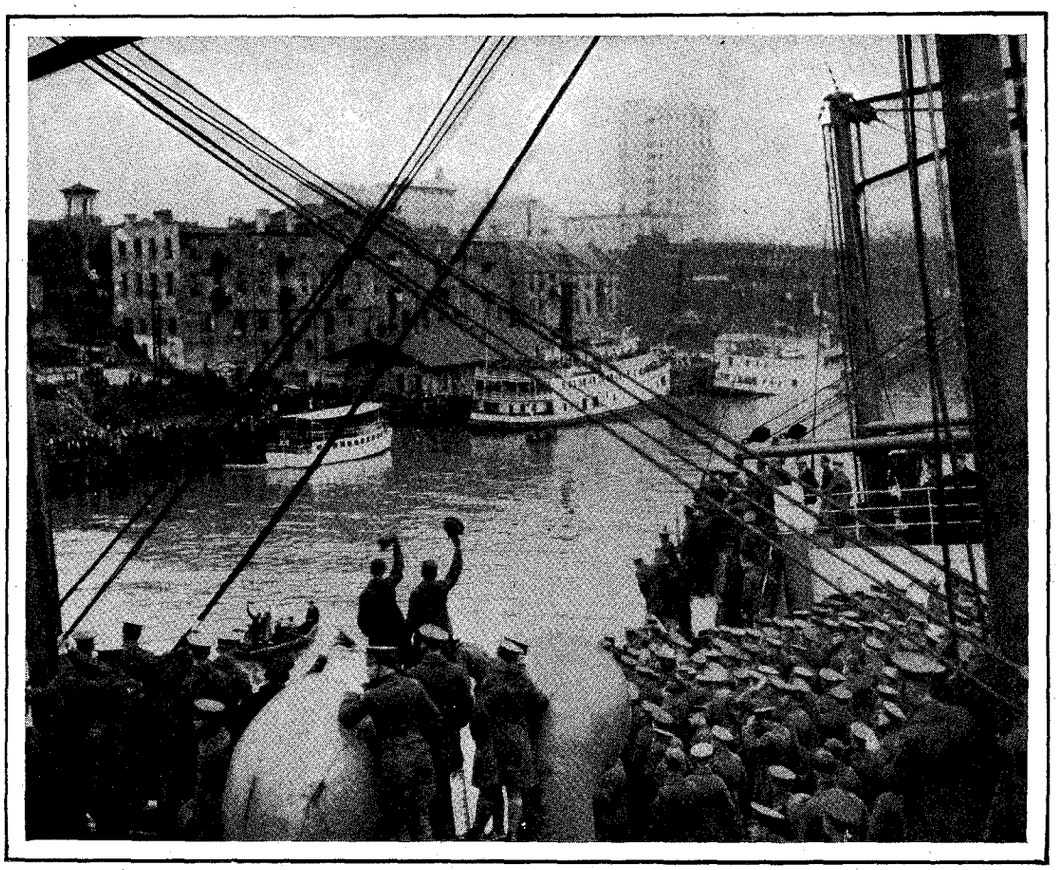
OF GUARDING THE OCCUPIED TERRITORY



HOME AGAIN!—AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARRIVING AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

(C) Underwood

ternational tribunal to hear controversies, agreements as to protecting workmen, the discussion of electoral laws, agricultural and commercial progress, and limitation of armaments. There is even one which affects this country and is a compliment to it. We are to be invited to send fifteen delegates to the international Central American tribunal just mentioned to help in settling any disputes between Republics.

Following this Washington Conference there will open in March a Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile, at which the United States will be invited to present through its President its views as to the limiting of land and sea forces.

Coincident with these friendly advances as between the countries named above there has arisen some discussion of the American Naval Mission in Brazil, of which we have already given an account. It is stated that the matter will come up for discussion before the Pan-American Congress. There has been some slight agitation in one or more of the Latin-American countries, probably arising from the super-sensibility of those political leaders who are always jealous of or distrustful of anything that comes from the United States. Our Naval Mission was sent to Rio de Janeiro at the request of Brazil, and it is perfectly evident that if we had not complied with that request she would have turned to some nation abroad for aid and advice. Brazil has no hostility or overbearing attitude as regards her neighbors, but wishes to build up a reasonable plan of defense for her own long coast-line.

According to despatches published in the American papers, this matter was discussed recently in the British House of Commons, and the Government was mildly and informally censured by speakers who patriotically thought that if there were to be any naval mission in Brazil it should have been British. The only result was that the British Government was urged to send naval attachés to all Latin-American countries and to have British warships visit Latin-American ports more frequently.

IN THE RUHR

As there was every reason to expect, the French have encountered, in the attempt to secure productive guaranties for the payment of reparations by occupying the Valley of the Ruhr, the resistance of the German Government. Accustomed to obeying official orders, the Germans in the Ruhr have followed the lead of their Government to a very large extent. Some of the workmen, for example, have stopped working. Many of the railway men, if not most of them, have refused to run trains. These men, however, would almost certainly not have struck if they had not received strike payments from the Government. Some of these German workmen on strike are expecting gifts of food from sympathizers in Holland and America. Trains in the Ruhr are manned now largely by French and Belgian crews.

The French have cut off shipments of coal from the Ruhr to the rest of Germany. It has been pointed out in at least one despatch from the Ruhr that the Germans are as a consequence suffering from their own efficiency. The system of supplying coal was so well organized that there was no need of keeping large stocks on hand outside of the mine district. As a consequence the coal shortage in Germany has been quickly felt.

Up to last week the French had not undertaken to shut off general supplies other than coal. It is now thought possible that the French may find it necessary to cut off manufactured products of the Ruhr from the rest of Germany. Indeed, it was announced that such an embargo would go into effect on February 14. Up to that time the big steel plants and the like were using the coal mined in that region and then shipping their products out. An embargo would mean either the shutting down of the Ruhr plants or else the marketing of these products by the French, which would be an enormous task. It is easy to see that weeks or even months may be consumed in working out the French plan for securing productive guaranties. In the meantime the Germans and their

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friends in other countries are making protest against what Cuno, with a humorless disregard for the truth, calls a policy of "politics and brutal coercion, waged with all means of economic and political torture, and that against an exhausted people endeavoring to restore its economic machinery in order to be able to render reparation for a lost war." If the German people are trying to pay reparations by running their printing-presses, they are misdirecting their energies.

Although the French have not undertaken to substitute French sovereignty for German sovereignty in this region, they have found it necessary to exercise an authority that is certainly quasi-political. Cuno, the German Chancellor, made a trip incognito into the Ruhr to intensify resistance to the French. As a consequence the French have notified the German Government that, in the interest of preventing possible bloodshed, the Ruhr will be hereafter closed against visits from German Cabinet Ministers. It seems as if the Germans were doing all that they could to make it necessary for the French to take extreme measures. So far, however, the French have acted with a moderation which Americans would find it hard to exercise under the same conditions. It must be remembered that during these weeks the French have not had the liberty of action which armies are entitled to take under a state of war. They are acting under the authority of a treaty of peace. Essentially the relation between the French and German Government is on the same footing as it was before the Ruhr was occupied.

THE TURKS AND THE CHRISTIANS

A CLEAR view of some aspects of conditions in the Near East is furnished by an interview which recently took place between The Outlook's staff correspondent at Lausanne, Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, and Dr. James L. Barton, head of the Near East Relief and of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The substance of this we give below:

As to Athens, Dr. Barton reports the appalling problem before the new Government. "Greece," he says, "is worse off than any other country in the world. Its population is poor, anyway. After all these years of fighting, it is poorer. But now the population has suddenly been increased by a quarter—by a million refugees, mostly non-self-supporting. Greece cannot care for them. What country will? America? Yes, by the Red Cross and the Near East Relief, as far as possible."

As to Smyrna, Dr. Barton reports a conversation with the Vali (Governor) as illustrating Turkish psychology. Our International College there was found closed. The Vali disclaimed having given any order for its closing. But when Dr. Barton intimated that he would like to have it opened, the Vali remarked, "Oh, no, you cannot say that it is open either."

As to Constantinople, "The Turks there," Dr. Barton reports, "are merely biding their time until the Lausanne Peace is signed and the city becomes theirs in fact. They were bitterly disappointed when the Smyrna looting was not repeated at the Golden Horn—British action prevented that. But once let the Turks come into complete control of Constantinople, especially after an inevitably exaggerated victory here at Lausanne, and there may be looting of foreign shops. This could hardly occur without burning and bloodshed.

"The Christian populations have been pretty well cleaned out of Asia Minor," Dr. Barton says. "Nevertheless I anticipate the reopening of our institutions there, though there may be considerable friction." During the past hundred years many American lives have been spent in the development of those charitable, educational, medical, and religious institutions. Their value is estimated at $100,000,000. During recent weeks Americans have been anxious as to their future. Now, however, our correspondent states, it would *seem* to be assured, if one may believe the words of Ismet Pasha the other day: "We want your institutions; we want them all." From this you might think that he resembled that dreadful old Grandmother who wanted little Red Riding Hood. Not so. "We want your institutions to remain operated by you," Ismet went on to explain, because "we recognize in them a valuable asset in the upbuilding of our New Turkey. The only new rules to be applied will be that in all institutions Turkish geography and history must be taught in the Turkish language and that all must be under Turkish inspection."

"More refugees are still waiting in Turkish ports," Dr. Barton reports, "than can find lodging-places elsewhere, especially now that Greece has put up the bars. The Greek action may seem harsh, but it is just. Greece is in peril. Cholera and smallpox have broken out in Turkish ports, and in the latest ship to reach the Piræus, the port of Athens, out of about 1,600 refugees on board some 1,200, it is said, were thus afflicted. Yet the refugees must go somewhere. The Turkish Government has already notified them that, being a danger to health in Turkish ports, they must either sail immediately away or be deported into the interior of Asia Minor."

Mr. Baldwin adds: "I am permitted to state that in view of existing circumstances, the Near East Relief is now negotiating for the lease of a quarantine island in the Ægean Sea, between Smyrna and Athens, where the refugees may find at least a temporary resting place."

THE PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH DEBT AGREEMENT

BY an overwhelming vote the House of Representatives has wisely accepted the arrangement made between the American Administration and the British Government for the payment of the British debt. As we explained last week, that arrangement was made by experts who were convinced that the interests of both countries were fully protected and that the scheme they had drawn up was business-like. With the exception of one Republican and one Socialist the votes in opposition to the plan were cast by Democrats, and they were only a minority of the party in the House.

This favorable action of the lower house of Congress followed within two days the address of the President before the joint session of Congress. In that address he had urged the acceptance of the agreement not merely because it would provide a fair payment of the debt, but because it settled a much bigger question—the validity of contracts. The President regards this arrangement as "the first clearing of the war-clouded skies in a debt-burdened world." The cancellation of World War debts, for which there has been, as he says, a widespread clamor, the President regards as "a fancied but fallacious contribution toward peace." Now, he points out, comes "a great nation acknowledging its obligations and seeking terms with which it might repay." The consequent agreement is, to use the President's language, "a plight against war and war expenditures and a rigid adherence to that production and retrenchment which enhances stability precisely as it discharges obligations."

Without mentioning the soldiers' bonus, the President reminded Congress that the money thus to be paid was already pledged by law to the repayment of the war loans made by the Liberty Bonds, and therefore should not be used for any other purpose. This of course was a reference to the proposal that the payment from the British should be used as a bonus to the veterans of the war.

He appended to his message about the funding of the debt a plea for the passage of the Ship Subsidy Bill. He asked not that the Senate pass the bill so much as that it allow the bill to come to a vote. It is very generally believed that if filibustering does not prevent a vote on the bill it will be passed.

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A PRO-AMERICAN POLICY

WITH the French occupation of the Ruhr there has started up an intensive propaganda on behalf of Germany. In this respect these early weeks of 1923 are like the weeks between August, 1914, and April, 1917. It almost seems that the country must learn all over the lesson taught it then. At least it has the chance to review that lesson under new conditions.

Hyphenism is bad whether it is anti-British or pro-British, whether it is anti-German or pro-German. The hyphenate is a curse to this country, for he argues, not on behalf of the Nation's interests, or the Nation's rights, or the Nation's ideals, but on behalf of the policy of some other country because he is more interested in that country than in the interests, the rights, and the ideals of his own land.

In 1914 the peril to National unity and National independence came from German hyphenism. Americans of German descent were told in 1914 that they had no business to try to make this country's policy serve the interests of Germany. It is just as true in 1923 that people of British descent should not, even unconsciously, try to influence the policy of America for the purpose of serving the interests of Great Britain. It has been said, and said truly, that the hope of progress in the world to-day depends upon understanding and co-operation among the English-speaking peoples. We must be careful here in America, however, to see that that co-operation, that understanding, is mutual. Great Britain's interests and rights should be respected, but it is not any part of America's concern to consider those rights to the exclusion of other rights or to promote those interests. That a man traces his ancestry to Great Britain, reads English literature, is proud of his British inheritance, rejoices that he lives under the English common law, and that America has the advantage of many fundamental British political institutions furnishes no more reason for his urging upon the United States a pro-British policy than a man's German descent and inheritance furnish a reason for urging a pro-German policy. This we must in America keep clear in our minds at present. Americans are not ordinarily regarded as humble, but sometimes Americans act as if they were the most humble people on earth. We seem to take it for granted that co-operation between the United States and Great Britain means that the United States must co-operate with Great Britain, as if it were not equally important that Great Britain should co-operate with the United States. It seems to be taken for granted that in this exigency, when it is important for the United States and Great Britain to stand together for the peace of the world, that the United States should conform its policy to Britain's, as if it were not equally important that Britain should conform her policy to that of the United States.

To-day such British hyphenism as there is, instead of being opposed to German hyphenism, is joined with German hyphenism. It happens that British interests call for the speedy recovery of Germany as a market. Great Britain swept the German navy off the seas and most of the German merchant marine as well. The British Empire got the lion's share of Germany's colonial empire. The British Government served the British people well in the peace arrangements, and Lloyd George will always be remembered for his skill in making certain the British Empire's safety and in enlarging the Empire's resources. Great Britain therefore has no material interest in anything that Germany owes. If Germany could be relieved outright of the payment of all other damages, it would be to Great Britain's advantage.

In this respect the interests of Germany and Great Britain are identical.

Naturally, therefore, the British Government would welcome any pressure which the United States might bring upon France to persuade her from collecting what Germany still owes her. And the British have the gift, which we Americans share with them, of putting material advantage in the terms of a moral principle. Good Englishmen, who have viewed with complacent satisfaction the removal of Germany as a naval menace and as a mercantile rival on the seas, look with horror upon the attempt of France to make sure that Germany is rendered impotent as a military power and is frustrated in her attempt to destroy France as an industrial rival on land. This is perhaps a natural and explicable position for Englishmen to take; but it is neither natural nor explicable for Americans.

The fact, therefore, that British sentiment is antagonistic to French policy at present and is sympathetic with the attempt of the German Government to reduce its obligations to a minimum, if not to escape them altogether, should not blind Americans to the evil of the new propaganda on behalf of Germany.

An example of this propaganda has recently come under our notice. It is a letter addressed to the President of the United States from the Constitutional Council of the Steuben Society of America.

This letter quotes a resolution of the organization pledging support to any policy the American Government may adopt to express American disapproval of the action taken by France and urging a second peace conference to be held at Washington to revise the Treaty of Versailles.

This organization declares that it is "moved by profound sympathy for the German people, to whom upward of twenty-five per cent of the American people are directly related by blood." It thus avows its hyphenate character. It quotes its own declaration made on July 4, 1921, in which it charged America with perfidy in participating in what it declares to be "the Treaty of Broken Faith," and proclaims that "America is known in every quarter of the globe as a land committed to making alluring promises whose real purpose is to lead others to their ruin."

In the face of such propaganda the first duty of the American Government is to impress upon our people that the Government's duty is not to follow a policy in the interest of any other nation. It is its duty to resist the effort of any other nation to use this Nation as a tool for the attainment of its own purposes. In this sense the true American policy can be neither pro-German, nor pro-French, nor pro-British. It must be pro-American. It must be a policy to serve the interests, the rights, the ideals, of the American people.

The American people have a twofold interest in the European situation.

They are interested in Europe's economic restoration. And they are interested in seeing that the objects which America entered the war to attain are in fact attained.

The obstacle to both economic restoration and to the attainment of the objects of the war is the course of the German Government.

America entered the war to prevent Germany from carrying out her purpose. That purpose was to dominate Europe and ultimately the world, and in the process to render her neighbors, and especially France, incapable of standing again athwart her path. She has failed to dominate the world, but she has so far succeeded in putting upon France the burden of the damage she wrought in her attempt. If she succeeds in making France pay for what the German armies did, she will have at least partly succeeded in her purpose. To that end she has destroyed her own currency as a medium of exchange so as to render difficult the payment of what she owes. It is that action that renders economic restoration so far impossible.

It is therefore America's duty to her own interests, to her own rights, to her own ideals, to see to it that Germany pays what she owes. It is only in this way that America can be sure that the

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object for which she entered the war is attained and that economic stability is restored.

This would be America's duty whether France and Belgium were the injured parties or not. It would be America's duty if it were Italy or Britain or Japan to which Germany owed reparation.

At this period it seems almost essential, perhaps it is quite essential, to peace that America and Britain keep step. But it will serve no purpose of peace or justice for America merely to follow in the steps of Great Britain. It is time that we impressed upon Britain the need of Britain's keeping step with us. Most important of all is it that both Britain and America march together under the common guidance, not merely of immediate material interests, but of justice and honor and good faith.

MINISTERS AND THE MODERN WORLD

A FEW weeks ago Bishop Lawrence, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts, asked a young friend to find out what men and women on the street think of ministers. "He found out," writes the Bishop in a communication to the press. "Here is what they say about the Church:"

> "The ministers are clever at sliding through; they don't believe what they say," says a tradesman's wife. "They keep telling you what you mustn't do: that you can't do this and that—play cards, go to the theater. They talk about charity and won't give a man a cent or a job. I had enough of them when I was a girl."
>
> "Ministers aren't interesting," adds an automobile man. "Everything they tell me I know already. The minister never comes into my shop to see me; and I am glad of it."
>
> "Ministers are fakers," answers a Syrian shoemaker, a member of a Congregational church. "They look after Americans and think the rest of us are duds. In Syria the ministers are pastors: they know every child; they are the friends of everybody—not so here."
>
> A manager of machine works does not hesitate: "Ninety-nine per cent of the ministers are wishy-washy. They are preaching for money."
>
> The director of an economic foundation expressed his sentiments: "Ministers, especially Episcopal ministers, don't give me anything in their sermons; they fall back on stock phrases; they don't define terms, but just keep on talking. They talk on the price of coal or industrial and economic conditions which they don't know anything about."
>
> A medical student adds, "Ministers aren't modern; they lack moral courage to speak the truth."
>
> And a newspaper woman breaks in, "Why don't ministers be human?"

"It is of no use for me to protest that I have known hundreds of ministers," Bishop Lawrence comments on this report, "and that what these people say isn't true. Thousands on thousands are thinking as these people think; and that being the case, they probably have some ground for their opinions."

How does Bishop Lawrence account for this state of the public mind concerning the parson?

He attributes it, first, to the fact that the Church has been too easy in admitting to the ministry "almost any pious, well-meaning young man." It has failed to make clear to young men "the real opportunity for service and for leadership that the ministry offers." In order to get the outstanding young men into the ministry he believes there should be a raising, not a lowering, of the standard of admission to some of the theological seminaries. But the Bishop goes further. He believes the Church is at fault in failing to tell the story of the minister's work "in such a way as to get it under the skin of the young men." That work, he believes, is such as to "call out the highest powers of the finest, most vigorous personalities." But the test of admission to the ministry has not been such as to make that plain; because it has been a test, not of character, but of orthodoxy. He states this by illustration:

> Two young men stand before the Board of Examiners to be tested as to their fitness for ordination. One is a vigorous, active-minded, somewhat impulsive young man, who has shown in college powers of leadership. He came to the Theological School in a spirit of fine devotion, but knowing practically nothing as to what the ministry technically stands for. What he wanted to do was in the name of Christ to serve the people, and he thought that in the Church was his chance. Facing the problems of theology in the School, problems which have got to be met somehow, his childhood faith received many a blow which he reeled under, and at times he did not know what he believed and where he was. Gradually, however, in the last year of the School he has been gaining a firm grip on the fundamentals of the faith. Still many questions and doubts hang about him. He is humble-minded, and he does not want to appear cocksure. The result may be that the examiner will turn him down on the ground that he is not clear and firm in the faith.
>
> The other young man has never known doubt, or questioned; he accepted his mother's theology, and later his Sunday-school teacher's theology and his minister's. He is docile, pious, but without force of mind or character. He is found to be orthodox; he always will be orthodox. He is passed by the examiner.
>
> It is only right to say that this form of test is not so frequent as it used to be. But what sort of a ministry can the churches have if this is the kind of test?

In all this Bishop Lawrence finds an opportunity for the Churches, and especially for the theological seminaries—an opportunity to provide the student for the ministry with "convictions as to where the road leads" and with "the power of leadership to make the people go with him."

It is something, however, besides an opportunity. It is a lesson.

To-day men are impatient of creeds. Why? Because they see in creeds barriers before the Church to keep out those whose minds ecclesiastical authority or tradition cannot dominate. And in this they see creeds as history reveals them. The articles of the great historic creeds of the Churches were devised and adopted, not to enlarge faith, but to narrow belief; not to make faith inviting, but to make orthodoxy exclusive; not to liberate the minds of men, but to bring them under control. As long as the Church was the one great moral and spiritual power in the world, with the resources of the State at its command to enforce its decrees, it could exact of those who refused to submit to its intellectual authority the penalty of exclusion from the company of the educated. Now, however, there are highly organized moral forces in the world wholly independent of the Church. The priest is not to-day the only, or even the chief, teacher, or doctor of law, or minister of healing. The man who seeks knowledge and truth needs no longer to resort to the Church for access to learning. The man who wishes to serve mankind needs no longer to resort to the Church for a chance to serve. If the Church excludes him, he suffers no penalty. If he desires to follow the Church's Master, he no longer feels under any constraint to ask the Church's permission or bind himself to the Church's conditions.

It is because the Church has sought to hold fast to a power that has long passed from its hands that it has occasion now to wonder why men of leadership are not seeking to serve in its ministry as they are seeking to serve in other professions, and are even beginning to make a true profession of business. It is because of this that young men of the sort who formerly attached themselves to the Church now turn elsewhere for moral and spiritual leadership or are content to try to lead themselves. It is because of this that when a minister, whether he is an obscure parson in Nebraska or a rector in a metropolitan pulpit, announces a declaration of freedom he finds an audience that other ministers, perhaps more learned and balanced, but less independent of authority, cannot get. It is because of this that to-day a heresy trial, so far from placing the heretic's books on an Index Expurgatorius, pro-

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vides for them the most effective kind of imprimatur.

If, then, the Church is to retain leadership, it must learn to think less of its authority and more of the "liberty of the Gospel." It must think less of creed and more of faith. It must depend less on what it may demand of men and more on what it has to offer them.

Is there, then, no place for a creed? Certainly; but it is not the place that it was built to occupy. In the Church of the future it will stand, not at the entrance blocking the way, but at the center, a symbol and monument, or, as the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith expresses it in his article on another page of this issue, "a blazing signal on the mountain-top."

Is there, then, to be no test for entrance into the Church? Surely; but not the test of a creed, but of the will and the life. In the Church of the future the test will not be that which the Church has devised, but only that which the Master of the Church required—the willingness, the determination, to come and follow him.

A COLONIAL ADMINISTRATOR

WHILE the American people are debating and discussing their relations to foreign affairs, by which they generally mean their relation to European affairs, they ought not to forget that we already have organic relations with two foreign countries—Cuba and the Philippine Islands. With respect to these two great territorial areas, we have already assumed responsibilities; we are virtually administering a protectorate over Cuba, and the Philippine Islands are a constituent and structural part of our Government. In other words, the United States is not only a democratic republic, but it is a colonial republic. The fact is that affairs are going so comparatively smoothly in Cuba and the Philippines—a fact which in itself is a credit to the American capacity for colonial affairs—that the great mass of our people hear little, or think little, about them.

General Wood, the Governor of the Philippines, recently said:

> I resigned as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania with very real regret, for I had hoped to get back and take up what seemed to me important work among the youth of our own country, but the situation here is such as to constitute an imperative call for duty which I could not fail to heed and at the same time do what I felt to be my clear duty. The great difficulty is that so few of our people, even the best-informed ones, know anything about the problems confronting the 11,000,000 people here or our own responsibility, nor do they understand how interwoven their interests are with the Eastern situation so far as this part of the world is concerned.

Eleven millions of people! We are worried about Austria, and Austria has six millions. We are worried about Turkey in Asia, and Asiatic Turkey has ten millions. We are worried about Belgium, and Belgium has seven millions. Fortunately for the eleven million inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, the Harding Administration sent to those islands the greatest of living colonial administrators. We do not make this broad assertion merely upon our own judgment, nor upon the judgment of any American. It was Lord Cromer, the British Administrator of Egypt, under whom Egypt grew from a wretched condition of serfdom and anarchy into a contented, prosperous, and partly self-governing people—Lord Cromer, whom the civilized world has by common consent regarded as one of the greatest of colonial governors since the days of Rome in Great Britain—it was Lord Cromer who said that General Wood had performed in Cuba a greater task than he had performed in Egypt.

When we are prone to think that as a people we have failed in our duties towards the rest of the world, we may fairly take comfort in the assurance that we have done something worth while in Cuba, Panama, and the Philippines. What some of the Filipinos themselves think of General Wood and his administration has come to us recently in a pathetic form—a copy of a letter written to General Wood last November by the leper colony in the little port of Culion on the island of Palawan, in the Philippine group. This letter was written and signed by over one thousand persons at a time when it was feared in the Philippine Islands that General Wood was about to leave to take up his duties at the University of Pennsylvania. In spite of its length, we print it in full, not only because of its spirit, but because of the real beauty of its language, which is Latin rather than Anglo-American in style. Spanish culture in the Philippines may have led to a good deal of temperamental vacillation and instability, but it has also developed a power of expressing delicate sentiment, which is often atrophied in the colder and more practical English-speaking race:

"We, the undersigned, unfortunate inmates of the Culion Leper Colony, desire to express our most sincere thanks and endless gratitude for the many helps that you have already bestowed upon us, both in your personal and official capacity, in the name of humanity and for our own personal benefit and welfare:

"Having heard rumors which are confirmed by the newspapers that your Excellency will soon leave the Philippines to assume charge of the work which is awaiting you in the United States, we humbly beg and petition your Excellency not to abandon us without the assurance that the great and noble work you have undertaken for the despised lepers shall be continued.

"For many long, weary years we had nothing to look forward to but an open grave. Not a ray of hope shone across our dark and gloomy pathway until you became interested in our terrible misfortune. With your coming, a new star shone above our narrow horizon—THE STAR OF HOPE. For the first time in our desolate lives an active interest has been taken in our welfare. Hope has become the very essence of our lives. Through your vivid interest in our welfare the new treatment has been extended to us, and if same is continued, we hope and look forward for the day when we shall be able to depart from this prison and leave behind us this, our solitary island, forever in order to take up once more the tangled threads of life we left behind us when this terrible malady marked us as its victims, and thus be able to contribute our grain of sand and do our bit for the prosperity and welfare of our dear Country. A new trail, thanks to your interest in our behalf, has now been blazed for us across the vale of despondency and despair leading to a new and wonderful existence.

"We have full confidence that, whoever may succeed you as Chief Executive of these islands, he will not take any backward step relative to the policy you laid out for Culion, but the world can never deny that before you came, our newly risen STAR OF HOPE was not known then, the world cared very little for our sufferings and miserable existence; and we were left only to eke out our misfortune, the gaping jaws of an open grave claiming us as its prey.

"However, conditions have now changed considerably, thanks to the timely arrival of your Excellency, the acclaimed SAVIOR OF WE LEPERS.

"When you leave our shores, please be assured that you shall carry with you the everlasting gratitude and fond memories of these unfortunates who have found in your Excellency the angel and conductor of their alleviation and hope for better days to come. We shall always treasure your most venerable name and your benevolence shall serve always as our comfort in our hours of grief and distress.

"Lastly, please allow us to wish you and your family the blessing of God for your kind-heartedness and humanitarian and noble work so far bestowed upon us, and beg to remain with due respect."

We are credibly informed that the receipt of this letter was one of the reasons that led General Wood to reconsider his decision to return to the honorable post for which he had been chosen as the head of the great University of Pennsylvania. That office would

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have given him a distinguished standing in the academic world, would have thrown him into the pleasantest relationships with men of high intelligence and cultivation, not only in this country, but in foreign countries. He has chosen to remain in a somewhat disorganized country, with all the dangers of political criticism and political obstacles, in order to perform a service both to his own country and to a people climbing out of a lower stage into a higher stage of civilization. For this he deserves the respect and admiration of his fellow-countrymen. General Wood does not need our encomiums. We write this article, not to please him, but to encourage our own fellow-citizens who sometimes wonder whether America is rising above the ambitions and demands of mere material prosperity.

MRS. MURPHY, OF TRALEE

BY M. C. HOLLIS

AND why wouldn't I tell you the whole story of it, then? The third one, it happened last August up at Ballylongford, which is in the north of the county near the border. Or maybe it would be in County Limerick. Things are so unsettled up there, it's hard to know the rights of a matter like that. And it'll not be very easy to get to, for the nearest station is no nearer than Ballybunion, and that's a tidy way away for an old woman that's seen a silver pocketful of winters. Anyway, there it was, and they do say that you can still see the marks against the schoolhouse door, if you care to—but I was never one to care much for that sort of thing myself.

There were three I had—Pat and Michael and Willie. Pat was the strongest and Mike was the cleverest, but Willie was always my favorite. It was right before the war that it began. Pat had left school and was helping himself in the shop. A fine fellow he was—arms like sledge-hammers and red hair like a smith's furnace, and big enough—he looked as if he could have knocked down a horse if he had wanted to. Only he never would want to, for he was just like a little child with animals. Why, and he had all the gentleness of the strong men that know.

Well, and what would he be doing but getting mixed up with a Member of Parliament fellow? I never knew the rights and wrongs of it myself, but the Member of Parliament would have it that Pat must join up with the Volunteers that was going to fight the Ulstermen. And all the boys was joining up, and it didn't sound as if much would come of it. So we let Pat join too, as that was what he wanted, it seemed.

Then came the war against the Germans. It didn't make much stir in Tralee, for the most part. There was some were saying that it was right and some were saying that it was wrong, because it was the English, but most of them just said it was nothing to do with them, the one way or other. Somehow, Pat didn't seem to think of it that way. It was like him to have it that everything was a bit of his business. And off he must go to join the English army.

Seven years last February it would be, that he went, and never again was I to set these poor eyes on him. For of course he couldn't come back here on account of his being an English soldier. The boys could not have let him do that.

But he was a good lad. He would write to me steady. At first he was over in England, and then they sent him to France to fight the Germans. He was through with it all right up to the end, and then the Germans got him. They say that he lies at a place called Mons, or something, in Belgium, whatever there is of him.

I thought that it was bad luck that they should get the boy right at the last like that, but himself, that's over there, sitting on the bridge and spitting into the river, said that he was a traitor, anyway, because he went and fought for the English.

So I was left with Mike and Willie. Mike was a bright lad, if ever there was one. Full of tricks as a wagon-load of monkeys, and as clever a lad as God made. He was always laughing and singing from morning to night, and could play the piano as easy as if he was born to it. And a heap of trouble that boy was to me, God forgive him! If ever there should be anything wrong, there'd be no doubt that it would be Mike that had done it all.

Mike took it awful bad about Pat being killed by the Germans. And he made out that the least that the English could do, after all the talk that there had been about small nations, was to give Ireland its freedom. But they wouldn't do that at all, at all. And when Father Flanagan—that's the young priest, and a wild one, too (but who am I to speak against the priests, God forgive me?)—when Father Flanagan came down and told the boys that the English were all hypocrites, the way they'd always been, and that those who wanted freedom for Ireland would have to go and fight for it, after that d'ye think there'd be any of them sooner off to the fighting than Mike? And it's not for the likes of me to say exactly what he did; sure it's hard to come by the truth of them things; still there was something set the Black and Tans right mad against him. And they put a price on his head. So Mike had to go on the run. And for two months, and three months, he was hiding somewhere up in Slieve Mish. Where it was I never exactly knew, for I always told him not to tell me. I was frightened that maybe if I knew I might be telling if the Black and Tans came and tried to torture it out of me. They weren't the ones to stop at that, Mike said, so mad they were to get him.

Faith and so they did in the end of all, down in Cork on the day, bad cess to it, that they burned the Town Hall. One of the boys came and told me of it the next day. There were five of the Black and Tans, that was drunk with whisky first and drunk with fire afterwards, and they found Mike in a little house in the Mallow Road. Mike got down behind a table and lay there with a revolver in his hand. And the Black and Tans shouted to him to curse God. Why they did that I don't know, but it was a way that they did have when they were drunk. And Mike said that he had never much held by God when he was alive—and that was true, too, the Lord forgive him!—but why would he be letting him down if he was to die? Sure, he said, if they wanted to kill him, maybe they could, but, by God, the killing wouldn't be all on one side; he would sell his life dearly. And then they came on, and Mike was as good as what he had said. He got two of them, but there was no fighting one against five. He wouldn't give himself up to a Black and Tan, so they shot him, in the end. And you can see the cross over his body in the City Cemetery, if you should care to go and look. And sometimes there's flowers on the grave, and sometimes there isn't. It'll all be a matter of whether the woman remembers to put them on or not.

It was Pat O'Halligan that told us all that. There was a price on his head, too, so he was a bold man to come into Tralee in broad daylight to tell an old woman about her son, seeing he knew what the Black and Tans had done in Cork.

Himself—he's done spitting now and gone into Larry's for a drink of something—himself said that Mike was only a traitor, anyway. And it's not for me to say that in a manner of speaking he was not. But it does seem hard, somehow.

So there was only Willie left, and a broth of a boy he was. He was not as strong as Pat or as clever as Mike, but he was always my favorite. When he was a little one, he would come and sit on my knee and make me tell him stories about the fairies right the whole

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way through the afternoon, and I would have a hundred better things, or more, to do, but I would always waste my time with the stories. For Willie loved me so that he could always get anything out of me.

Well, Willie was just mad about Mike—just as Mike had been over Pat. And he would say that he'd never meet an Englishman again in all his life without he'd kill him. And then came the truce, and Willie, he was as mad as the bulls at breeding-time against it, and when the fighting started what would he do but be off to join the Irregulars? Up and down the county he went, blowing up the railway bridges and all that. It seemed to me so much foolishness myself, but Willie would have it so.

Oh, but it was a rare life until the Free Staters come along, and then back with them to the sea and the Shannon. And there they thought to get them in a corner and to take them easy. They rounded up Willie and his boys at Ballylongford, as I was saying in the first place of all. They told me that Willie might perhaps have got away, but he would not shoot at the Free Staters. He acted the like of a crazy man; he jumped up and pushed his revolver at his own head, and before either side knew what he would be doing, faith, and the boy had blown his own brains out.

There's the marks where they spattered on the schoolhouse door.

There was one thing Willie said just before he died, for a gray old man that was a colonel of the Free Staters came and told me about it the next day. This it was: "Tell my mother that it was my brother that sold his life dearly, but sure I'd be giving mine away. She will know what I mean."

"And it's a sad thing," said the colonel, "when two good men love their country and fight one another to kill; and when it's the same country that they both love and that country Ireland, there's some, Mrs. Murphy, that finds the sadness come near to breaking."

So I told him about Mike and about Pat, too. And he smiled. He had awful sad eyes, as if he had known all the things that had ever been since the beginning of the world. And his face was all white, like the whiteness of things under the moon, and he was almost like an Englishman. He hardly ever laughed, and when he did that was the saddest part of all. And when I had done telling, what did he say? "Yes, I think I know what he meant, too. It's rather like that. I'm sorry."

I could think of nothing but to ask him whether he ever sang. There was no great question but what he didn't, but before I had time to ask he was gone.

Himself said that Willie was a traitor, too, because he was in arms against the elected Government of the Irish people. It is hard for a woman to know the rights and wrongs of these things.

Sure, and I had a daughter, too. She would have been my eldest if she had lived, but she died when the potato crop failed in Kerry—thirty years ago, it'll be now.

That's what I mean, yer honor, when I say that the third happened at Ballylongford. Maybe you'd like to go and see the marks on the schoolhouse door. But I don't know that I care to much myself.

There'll be a thanksgiving mass tomorrow for the anniversary of Irish freedom. Glory be to God!

A PERJURY TRIAL OF THE NORTHWEST

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM SAMUEL R. STERN

ONE of the most remarkable trials known in the history of jurisprudence in this country has recently taken place at Spokane, Washington.

About a year ago a medical student, who is the son of a prominent Catholic farmer residing in a small community in eastern Washington, created a disturbance while intoxicated in one of the prominent buildings in Spokane, and a soldier stationed at Fort Wright, resenting his conduct, was, so it was claimed by the authorities in Spokane, thrown over a railing to the floor below, and as a result of his injuries he died.

A charge of murder was lodged against the medical student. He was tried and acquitted.

There were two witnesses called for the defense—women who had led immoral lives—who testified to having seen what was supposed to have been a quarrel, and who stated that the defendant had been attacked by the soldier, and that the fall was the result of his efforts to defend himself from such attack.

The verdict was somewhat of a shock to the community, and persons who it was claimed were connected with the Ku Klux Klan began an independent investigation; their efforts and the efforts of others who felt that improper methods had been employed to secure the verdict resulted in a Grand Jury being called to investigate the facts in connection with rendition of the verdict and as to the truth of the testimony given at the trial in behalf of the defense.

One of the two witnesses referred to became badly frightened when summoned before the Grand Jury, and, largely through the efforts of her mother, made a confession in which she stated that three of the most prominent lawyers at the Spokane County bar, who had assisted in the defense of the young man, had suborned her to commit perjury; and she further insisted, though contradicted by the other woman, that as a matter of fact neither she nor the other woman who claimed to have seen the affray saw anything that occurred.

The Grand Jury found indictments against the three lawyers, the two women, and eleven other persons, including private detectives, jurors, and others, who, it was charged, had conspired to secure false testimony in order to aid the defendant in his defense.

Nearly all the leading trial lawyers of the county in which the indictment was found were employed to defend the various defendants. The trial consumed eight weeks. The jury deliberated for five days, and a verdict was rendered of "not guilty," under the direction of the Court, as to three defendants; five other defendants were discharged as not guilty by the verdict of the jury, among them being the senior lawyer who took part in the defense in the murder trial, and as to the remaining defendants, including the two lawyers, the jury disagreed.

Among the jurors who voted with the minority was one woman, who insisted that all the defendants were guilty, and after the jury was discharged she was the recipient of many letters of commendation for the stand which she took and received many floral tributes on account thereof.

Aside, however, from the length of time consumed in the trial and in endeavoring to arrive at a verdict, which is a record so far as the courts of recent days disclose, there probably never was a case in which so many untoward and peculiar exigencies and accidents arose. Aside from the very serious illness of the woman juror, one of the other jurors became dangerously ill; the wife of one of the jurors was obliged to submit to a serious operation which compelled her husband's attendance upon her; the chief counsel for the defense became so ill that he had to withdraw for four weeks from participation in the trial; counsel for one of the other defendants withdrew temporarily because of an operation upon his wife; one of the defendant's attorneys slipped upon the ice and sustained a fractured leg, and his uncle, one of the defendants, became so seriously ill that he had to leave the witness-stand while testifying; some of the witnesses were so ill that their testimony had to be taken at a hospital; the clerk of the Court in

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which the trial was had sustained an injury which kept him confined in the hospital for ten days; and, as a final chapter in the hospital record, a special investigator employed by the prosecution fell upon the ice and broke his arm.

The case was featured by nearly all the newspapers in the Northwest, and telephone calls came to the local newspapers from miles and miles around, asking what verdict had been reached.

There probably never was a case which created so much feeling in a community as this one. It was so difficult to secure competent local counsel to assist the prosecution that it became necessary for the county authorities to employ one of the leading trial lawyers in the Northwest, residing in the city of Seattle.

The Court with the utmost difficulty attempted to maintain order, for the bitterness which permeated the entire trial found frequent expression in most vituperative epithets, and even threatened personal chastisement.

One result, however, of this trial has been a clearing of the atmosphere in this particular community, and, whether or not any of these defendants were guilty, it probably will be a wholesome lesson to any attorney or any one else employed in criminal or civil cases to attempt to influence the verdict of a jury.

In respect of the number of defendants (especially including three well-known lawyers), the nature of the case, and time consumed in the trial and in the attempt to reach a verdict, the case is *sui generis*.

Seattle, Washington.

ITALY, AT HOME AND ABROAD

I—ITALIANS IN TRIPOLI

BY E. O. FENZI

APPEALING to the principle of fairness characteristic of The Outlook, I beg leave as an Italian, for twenty-one years a resident of California and for the last eight years a resident of Tripoli, to point out some errors and misconstructions in the article by Mr. Kingsley Moses which appeared in The Outlook for November 1, that has just come under my notice.

Mr. Moses begins with the startling statement that Libya is "a stretch of Sahara desert lying between Tunis and Egypt along the Mediterranean Sea." Had he traveled along our coast, he would not have failed to notice the numerous oases, with a native population of about 300,000 agricultural inhabitants, where more than 3,000,000 date palms are bearing bountiful crops, a good part of which is exported, and where citrus fruits are growing more vigorously than in California, our climate being much warmer. He would have also learned that between the cultivated oases, and southward to the foot of the mountains, immense stretches of land just as fertile as the oases and similarly furnished with underground water are waiting for the Italian colonists who will bring these lands back to the richness which they formerly enjoyed under the Roman rule.

Mr. Moses blames Italy for not having been able to make any "change whatever in the religion of the inhabitants," a most surprising utterance for the twentieth century! That some of his Arab friends may believe the world to be still under the spell of the founders of Mohammedanism, who spread their faith by the sword, must be granted, but for an American citizen to admit it as a possibility is surprising. When Italy landed in Tripoli, there was inscribed on her flag, "Respect to religion, to property, to laws and customs of the country." She has kept her word. Moreover, it should be remembered that even under Turkish rule there was a spirit of tolerance in Tripoli, which contained three Roman Catholic churches and a Franciscan mission, which had been established for over three centuries, ministering at first to the numerous Europeans driven into slavery by the Tripoli pirates, and in more recent times taking care of the sick and the orphans of whatever religion, but always abstaining from attempting proselyting of any kind.

Mr. Moses wonders why Italy has made so little progress in colonizing Libya with Italians, totally forgetting that from 1915 to 1919 all our able-bodied men were fighting on the Alps, in France, and elsewhere, and that the period of confusion following the armistice prevented the peaceful work of colonization. This, however, at present is starting up again under the most favorable auspices. Mr. Moses thinks that the Italians have failed in railway building because there are only "two negligible little narrow-gauge lines of twenty miles length." The truth is that since 1915 there have been built in Tripolitania about 150 miles of railway of the standard gauge (about four feet) adopted by almost all railways in the African continent. The Tripoli Railway System connects with the new harbor, also built by Italy, and in North Africa second only to Alexandria and Port Saïd. Engineering studies for the extension of our three railway lines eastward, southward, and westward are in an advanced state, and will soon be put into the hands of construction gangs.

Mr. Moses admits that to "subdue and hold a desert country is one of the most difficult tasks conceivable even in this advanced day of military efficiency." This is quite true; nevertheless since the spring of 1922 the whole western half of Tripolitania has been carefully raked and cleaned, all rebels disarmed, contrabands suppressed, and the Berber tribes, who have been constantly faithful to us, reinstated on their lands and in their homes. The whole country has been thoroughly pacified. In this work both Erythrean and Libyan troops have served successfully and efficiently under Italian officers. Finally, Mr. Moses concludes:

1. That Italy cannot maintain her dominion in Libya because of racial antagonism. To this it may be replied that Italy is a compact nation of 40,000,000 people, rapidly increasing in numbers and wealth; while the inhabitants of Tripolitania may at the utmost number 500,000, of whom 300,000 living in the seacoast oases are peaceful and law-abiding agriculturists, who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by the advent of Italian colonists who do not covet their land. The 200,000 population of the interior is divided into tribes that have been incessantly fighting and robbing each other since even before the times of Cæsar. Depending on trade with the coast for such necessary commodities as tea, sugar, cotton goods, etc., and unable to market their dates and wool except by way of the coast, they have an economic interest to be at peace with Italy.

2. That the Italian Government has failed to colonize the country with loyal Italians, and that no Italian is spoken on the whole coast from Buchamez to Tobruk. The plain truth is that extensive colonization could not be carried on during the European War, but is beginning now, and in a very few years several thousand Italian families will be settled all along the coast. Moreover, wherever a few Italians live Arab youngsters learn quickly to speak Italian; while many Italian workmen and agriculturists soon pick up the Arab tongue, the study of which is compulsory in our schools. Similarly in the Arab schools the study of Italian is compulsory.

3. That there are in Libya almost insuperable obstacles to the military control. But who wants that? Certainly not Italy. She has granted to her Libyan subjects a liberal Constitution, giving them the same rights as Italian

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citizens. For ordinary police work our experience in the last few years has shown that Italy can depend on the native element, and that there is no need to maintain a permanent military control after the country has been entirely pacified.

Mr. Moses seems to dread that Turkey is going to swallow up Libya; we do not share his dread. Italy has many reasons for holding it. It has cost her vast sums of money and much blood. It contains very large areas of land now utterly unproductive, but capable of growing almost anything under the combined influence of solar heat and water. It is richer in underground water than most parts of southern Italy, where the bulk of yearly rainfall ruinously rushes down to the Mediterranean. In Libya, on the other hand, the rainfall is wholly absorbed, and is stored in a vast plain, roughly 500 miles long and 50 by 100 miles wide, between the mountains and the sea. All the markets of central, eastern, and northern Europe are closer to us than to any other points of northern Africa, and here many products can be raised which cannot be grown in Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco. Our fisheries, just started, have yielded millions already, and will do more in the future. It would be foolish to prophesy as to minerals or petroleum that may be discovered in the future south of our mountains. It appears certain, however, that the Tertiary formation underlying that section of the Sahara Desert is not broken or disturbed by eruptive agency, and is therefore likely to have preserved intact the accumulation of organic matter dating back millions of years. Finally, what has happened in our own time in the development of aviation and radio-telephony, visionary as these things appeared so short a time ago, justifies the hope as a reasonable possibility of the successful "direct industrialization of solar heat." When that is realized, who can compute the value of a square mile of Sahara Desert?

In conclusion, I will make use of the old Roman dictum, "*Hic manebimus optime*," meaning in plain modern Italian, "*In Libya ci siamo, e ci resteremo.*"

E. O. FENZI.

Tripoli, North Africa, December 28, 1922.

II—A NEW ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

BY GINO SPERANZA

IT is recorded in the old chronicles that when Cimabue painted a votive shrine for one of the *sestieri*, or quarters, of Florence the people who flocked to see it were so moved and thrilled by the loveliness of the picture that that section of the city was ever afterwards known as Borgo Allegri (the Joyous Ward).

We have been reminded of this tradition in reading a most interesting article in the New York "Times" of January 1 describing some remarkable changes which have come over Italy with the advent of Fascismo—changes betokening such profound stirrings in the national mind and conscience that one has to go back to the days of Savonarola, of the Renaissance, or of St. Francis for something of the same deep self-searching, of the same ideal aspiring, of the same high resolve.

The Rome correspondent of the New York "Times," Arnaldo Cortesi, who, by the way, though an Italian, is a young man disciplined in the restraints of English schooling, tells us simply but thrillingly of state workers who but a while ago were acting as enemies of their country now contributing an hour a day to the service of the *patria* without compensation; of thousands of railway employees who only a few weeks ago were attempting to paralyze the economic life of the nation now giving part of their wages towards the reduction of the national debt; of women depriving themselves of their jewels, of war widows renouncing their pensions, and of mutilated soldiers surrendering their bonuses and allowances, all that the public deficit might be reduced and the financial credit of the nation reestablished. And he tells us how in that land which but yesterday was rent and bleeding by class hatreds and the conflicts of material desires the people today "go about their work in a cheerful and contented manner," while a "spirit of mutual courtesy and toleration" again reigns supreme.

It would be facile and petty play to judge these manifestations skeptically as a rapid and unstable "Latin" conversion; it would be even easier to demonstrate the "illegal" and "unconstitutional" character of Mussolini's grip on the Italian state. But all this would mean to overlook the essential element in Fascismo—the deep spiritual urge behind the political "conversion;" it would also mean taking no account of the history of the Italian people during the World War and since the days of that noble and ideal (let us say again and again, noble and ideal) struggle. Mussolini's fortunes as a political leader may wane and his sway pass away, and Fascismo itself in its political content may prove an impractical or even a dangerous political mechanism. But the spirit beneath Fascismo—the spirit that wins souls rather than that which captures votes—that spirit will not pass away. It is remaking Italy; more than that, it is astir elsewhere in Europe reconstructing what is really worth reconstructing. That spirit is, in essence, an awakened and inspiring *love of country*—of country, not as a form of government, but as a spiritual entity of ideas, ideals, traditions, and aspirations. It is an awakened consciousness of race and nationality, not as an aggregation of citizens living in certain lands, owning certain wealth, and exercising certain powers, but as a distinct amalgam of like-minded men, partners in a definite civilization, sharers by instinct in the soul and spirit of the race and the nation. It is a vivifying sense of national history as part of a people's life, linking past and future to the present, not as "manifest destiny," but as the chart by which the race or nation must steer.

On the other hand, what the spirit of Fascismo has destroyed in Italy is a mass of ideologies and high-sounding but disintegrating theories, varying from the benevolent philosophy of Woodrow Wilson to the malevolent sophistry of Lenine, which sprang up like weeds after the war in a world too weary and worn by the struggle to tend the garden of its soul. They varied from the "higher piety" of the "young liberals who conscientiously spit upon what they would call the time-dishonored notion that in certain circumstances it is sweet and beautiful to die for one's country," to the Bolshevik denial of spirit in the affairs of men.

But the "higher piety" of the young liberals became a weapon of violence in the hands of demagogues and irresponsibles in Italy and elsewhere. In their desire to destroy the state corporeal, Italian Socialists and Communists, under exotic Bolshevik influences, spit upon and vilified the nation spiritual. When the hoodlums among them actually tore off the medals from the breast of mutilated soldiers, they did more than commit a breach of the peace; they desecrated an ideal. And when their leaders in Parliament preached that the half million Italians who died in the defense of their country and for the freedom of Europe had been mere tools of capitalistic and imperialistic manipulators they did more than spread sedition; they denied the dignity that is in all of us.

It is because the ideologies from Moscow were essentially a denial of things spiritual that they tottered and fell overnight, as it were, when the light shone in the darkness. It is because Fascismo placed a moral issue before the Italian people and because the people accepted it as such that to-day in that country its citizens "go about their work in a cheerful and contented manner" and "every one appears smiling and happy in the streets." The purity and loveliness of Cimabue's art transformed in a few hours a busy quarter of old Florence into a Borgo Allegri; it is the fineness of the truths behind Fascismo that is making the Italy of to-day happy, instead of dismayed, at her huge task of economic and spiritual national reconstruction.

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BLUEJACKETS IN THE

A PEACEFUL CAVALCADE PASSING ALONG A HISTORIC HIGHWAY

EAST AND WEST—A SAMPLE OF MR. KIPLING'S WELL-KNOWN MIXTURE

These photographs were taken by Ensign de Rochement, of the United States Navy Recruiting Bureau, who quite recently was sent with a party of blue-

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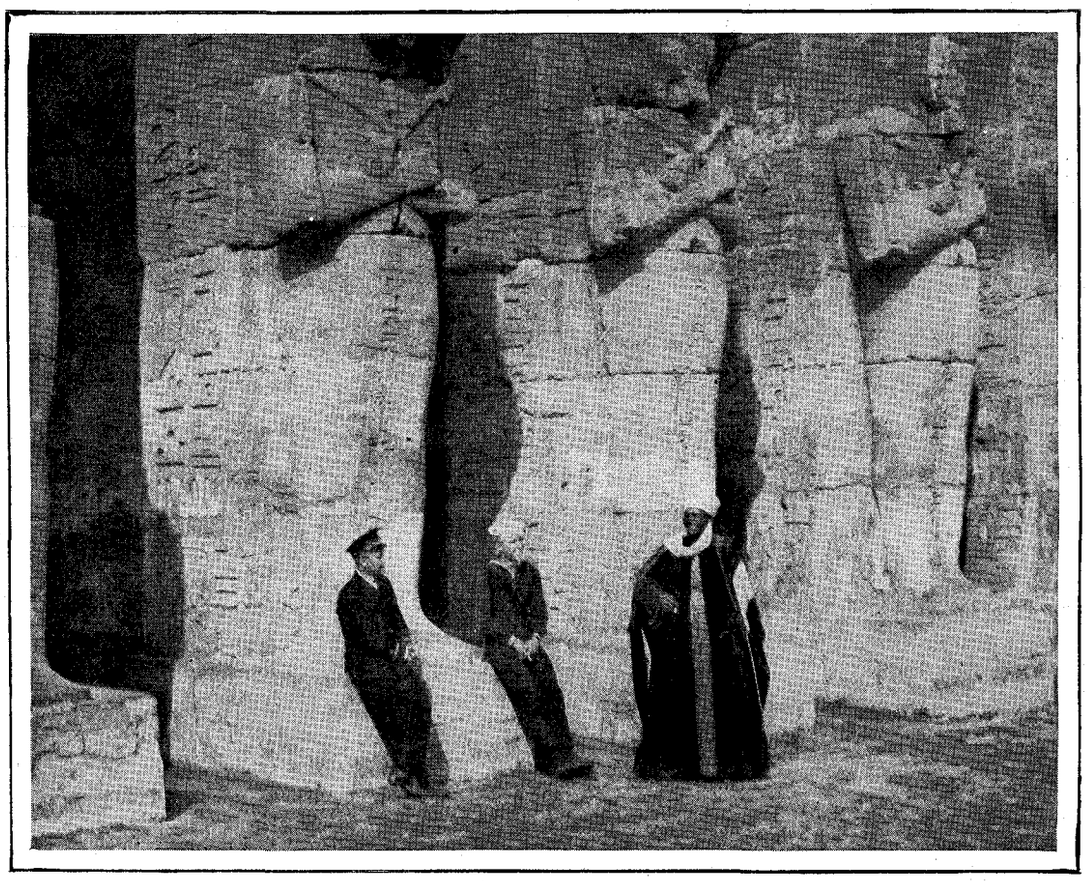
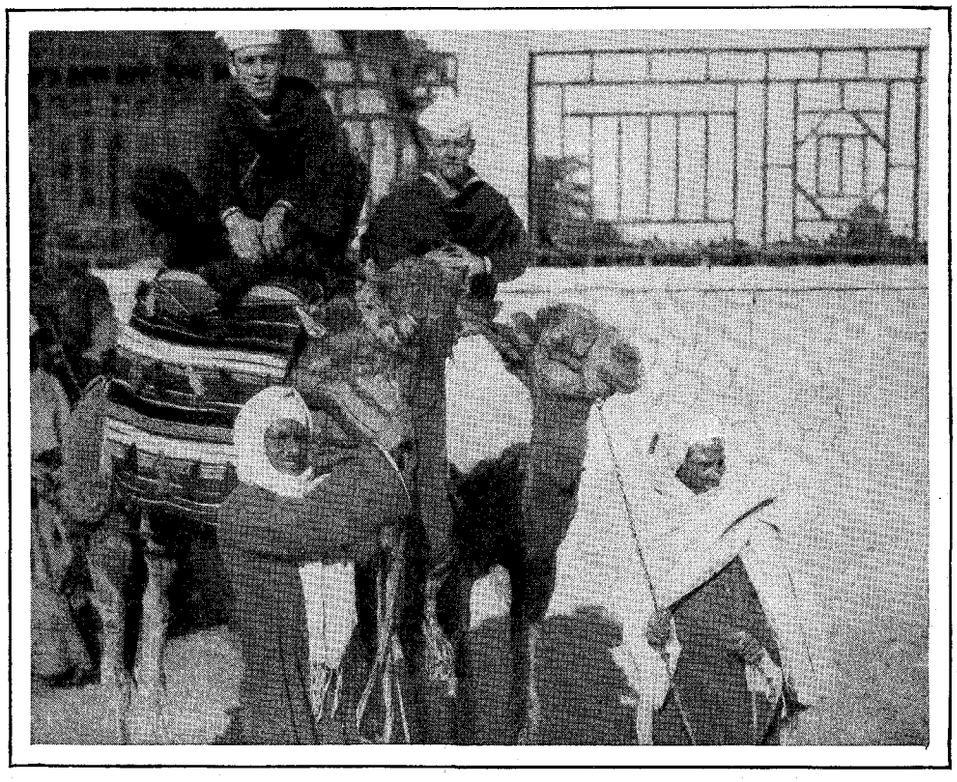
LAND OF THE PHARAOHS



FORTY CENTURIES LOOKING DOWN ON THE NAVAL VISITORS DO NOT LESSEN THEIR ENJOYMENT OF A JOKE



PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY CAMELS AND THEIR OWNERS

jackets to the Nile Valley where the tombs of the old Egyptian kings are being excavated—the latest of these being, of course, the tomb of Tutankhamen

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WHAT SEVEN MILLION AMERICANS ARE READING

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

MANY years ago a writer dreamed a dream—the dream that America is a "melting-pot." It was a beautiful dream and a comfortable one, and many of us believed it until we learned a little more about America.

When I get weary of New York and long for a breath of Italy, where gesture, spaghetti, and vivacious glances contrast with solid Anglo-Saxonism, I pick up the telephone and make a luncheon engagement which takes me down to Lafayette Street, where wholesale houses disgorge endless streams of packing-cases. There, in the corner of a big restaurant, stands a round table to which only initiates are invited—the table at which sit editors of several of the big Italian papers. A chess game is always in progress. Several of the men can barely speak enough English to order a meal. Why should they? The host and the waiters are Italian, the cooking is Italian, and in their newspaper offices Italian is spoken and written. And they discuss Italian politics and Italian interests.

Or perhaps the Slavonic urge is strong in me—my thoughts turn to the Czechs. We gather in the restaurant of the National Alliance on Seventy-third Street, the headquarters for all Czech activities, ranging from political meetings to amateur theatricals. We speak English, true; but it is Foreign Minister Benes's policy in Prague which permeates the discussion. Temperatures rise, the conversation becomes bilingual, the maelstrom of European politics engulfs the gathering. We are in Prague, with its lacy Gothic structures and its narrow cobbled streets, and the "melting-pot" fades into a pale cloud.

Or is it of Ignace Paderewski that I wish to hear—the politician, not the musician? Then I go to a famous French café on University Place where Polish editors gather of an afternoon. A short and exceedingly stout man, immaculately groomed, is sputtering forth on the policies of President Pilsudski. And what this man says is important, for his point of view governs the thoughts of at least 8,500 readers; which number should be multiplied by five, since every issue of his paper is read by at least five other people besides the subscriber.

There are thirty-seven principal nationalities scattered throughout the United States, and each of these has at least one paper in its own language. The Census of 1920 places the foreign-born population at 13,712,754, and those of us who have studied the foreign press estimate that approximately seven million of these read the press of their own language; people whose contact with American life is almost exclusively bounded by the opinions of their favorite editor—the one man who knows how to bridge the distance between the mother country and the United States, the distance between the peasant from the small village in Europe and the awkward but ambitious "American" of the future.

And still there are people here who demand the elimination of the foreign-language press! They dream that if this is annihilated, future "Americans" will be forced to learn the English language so as to read English newspapers.

This is the dream.

Unfortunately, it is not true to facts. A vast majority of our foreign-born would lose all contact with surrounding things if it were not for their own press. So, undoubtedly, the wisest course is to accept the situation as it is, but try in all possible ways to make this foreign press conform to American ideas by helping the editors give their readers information about the United States, its customs, institutions, and ideals.

One of the favorite pastimes among those of us who have tried to study this elusive foreign-language press is to compare notes as to the number of newspapers now existent in the United States. Each of us has a different figure. We all warn the seeker after information that it is quite impossible to keep track of these publications, because they spring up overnight like mushrooms and they vanish like puff-balls. However, the latest estimate places the number at 1,208, with an extremely unequal distribution among the various nationals.

Undoubtedly the greatest number of newspapers is owned by the Germans, for there are 238 papers of every character and answering all needs. A great number of these newspapers are serious and well established, as, for example, the "Staats-Zeitung," which first appeared in 1834. Three of the biggest newspapers in the Middle West are agricultural and have circulations varying from 35,000 to 116,000 in round figures.

The next numerically important group is that of the Italian newspapers, the number of which is 117. The "Progresso Italo-Americano" of New York alone has a guaranteed circulation of 97,808. It is the oldest paper, dating back to 1879.

The Slavs as a group have a great number of newspapers, each of which devotes much attention to European home politics, with sprinklings of information about the United States and much pungent editorial writing on those subjects which touch on immigrant life in America.

The Poles have 76 newspapers, the oldest of which is the "America-Echo," founded in 1863, in Toledo, Ohio. The biggest newspaper in the East is the "Nowy Swiat," whose sworn circulation is 8,498. On the whole, the circulation of Polish newspapers is not large, but, as I have stated before, the figures do not represent the actual number of readers, but only the heads of families receiving the publications.

The Czechs have 66 newspapers, one of the biggest and oldest of which is the "Svornost" of Chicago, founded in 1875. In the East the "New Yorkske Listy" is fast becoming a publication of political importance on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. The Slovaks, being fewer in number, have only 39 papers, of which one of the best and oldest is the "Slovak v Amerike," published in New York and in existence since 1889.

The Slovenians have 14 newspapers, with a circulation that reaches as high as 18,000. The Serbians have 7 papers; the Croatians, 9. The Russians have 18 newspapers, which include Ukrainian and Ruthenian publications. The standard of most of these papers is not high. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, have been satisfied with one paper, published in Granite City, Illinois, which weathered the Great War, and is regarded as a permanent institution—although its circulation is only about 5,000.

The Scandinavian press is an important and serious group, both as to the character of the papers and as to their solidity. There are 52 Swedish papers, some of which reach an approximate circulation of 57,000. The "Svenska Tribuna Nyleter" of Chicago was established in 1869; the "Svenska Standard," in 1879.

The Norwegian and Danish newspapers number 53, with circulations which in some cases are as high as those of the Swedish papers. The oldest of the Norwegian papers is the "Skandinaven" of Chicago, founded in 1866. This newspaper has well-known Norwegian professors on its editorial staff, and for over fifty years it has been the only connecting link between the farmers of the Middle West and the outside world. In spite of that, its circulation seems small—17,000—probably due to the fact that it is mainly a family paper.

The Spanish have 92 newspapers, of which the "Prensa" of New York is undoubtedly the best known to outsiders. Several of the other papers have sworn circulations of 18,000 and 19,000, and a

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moving-picture magazine has a circulation of almost 20,000. The French have 48 papers.

The Hungarians represent another important group in American life. They have 27 newspapers, the circulations of several of which are between 30,000 and 40,000. The "Elore," published in New York, dates from 1890; the large "Amerikai Magyar Nepszava" of New York is of comparatively recent date—1899.

The Greeks have 18 newspapers, the circulations of some of which reach 35,000.

The Yiddish press can be also included among the most important of the groups. Although numerically not so high, there being only 37 newspapers, it is solid and very influential. The "Jewish Daily Forward" alone has a sworn circulation of 141,226. There are only 3 papers in Hebrew, and the Spanish-speaking Jews, whose language is Ladino—a *patois* of Spanish, just as Yiddish is a *patois* of German—have 2 newspapers with a circulation of about 5,000.

All these newspapers differ greatly in character. Some are dailies, others appear once a week, or are even monthly. In character many are purely religious and are supported by their respective churches. Others belong to athletic and mutual benefit societies, of which there are thousands among the foreign-born organizations that have deep roots among their own people and that form a close network over the United States. Political groups naturally have control of a great number—the parties on American soil as well as the American branches of European parties. These latter conduct virulent campaigns against each other, and one of the secrets of success in working through the medium of the foreign press is the recognition of these antagonisms.

"The foreign press is a bulwark against Americanization," I have often been told, "because it fosters European interests to the exclusion of American ones."

This is quite true. I admit it. But, after all, the press exists to please its readers, and there is no evading the fact that immigrants in the United States come from Europe, and their interests will naturally remain European for years to come. The second generation loses these, just as it usually loses the mother tongue.

So far I have given reasons for supporting and aiding this stranger within our gates—helping, because it is through the foreign-language press that it is possible to take the first steps towards assimilation of Europe's indigestible masses. However, there are unfortunately other angles which make this press undesirable and a source of danger. But this should be still another reason for closer contact with it, and not a critical contact, but a friendly helpfulness.

The foreign newspaper, with its small circulation and an even smaller capital, has a hard struggle to exist at all. Except those papers which have a definite church or other backing, most of the papers are on an unsound financial basis. They just manage to get along, and that is all. So it is that the advertising page becomes of paramount importance, and, with this once established, many of the editors are driven to translate everything into dollars and cents, and so forget the welfare of their readers.

As a result, some of the worst frauds perpetrated on immigrants are advertised through the foreign papers. Farms which do not exist are sold, and the immigrant rarely has any redress. He is too ignorant. Stocks in the most fantastic undertakings are sold broadcast—in non-existent companies, in gold mines where only gold bricks could be found; the imagination of the scoundrels who prey on their own countrymen is truly versatile. One of the most serious sources of fraud are the so-called "fake doctors"—a recognized form of advertising. In short, a study of the advertising pages of some of the foreign papers makes one wonder at the childish credulity of the readers. It also explains the immigrant's prevalent suspicion of all things "American." In Europe, living in his village, he was protected by laws passed by people familiar with his credulity; here, the only "America" he knows for years after his arrival is the America built up on the exploitation of his ignorance.

"I'm raising the standard of my paper," many a new editor has confided to me; "get rid of all that fake advertising—especially the doctors," he would add, anticipating my next question.

The following step towards ameliorating the standard of a paper is to tell the truth regarding its circulation. This is just another deception, practiced to raise advertising rates. Unfortunately, it has done much to undermine confidence, not alone in these figures, but in any other statements that the papers have made. In short, most of the evils bred by the foreign-language press are the result of its utter poverty and its struggles to keep alive; the greenhorn immigrant is not a great buyer, he certainly is uneducated to advertising methods; so the one great revenue—advertising—has to be nursed by methods often not beyond reproach.

Before the war the foreign press was not recognized except just before elections, when it was freely used by political parties, and then promptly forgotten. With the outbreak of the world conflict, however, the need for whole-hearted cooperation forced attention on the foreign press, and it received tender care. It responded loyally to every appeal of the Government, and it is hoped that this *entente cordiale* will persist. An intelligent education of seven million Americans would be a great stride towards a better United States.

A PRIZE CONTEST

WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME

DO you still find time to read books or is the pressure of modern life keeping them chained to their neglected shelves? Do you reread the books that used to hold you, or has their fascination dwindled? Do you read the classics? Have the moderns torn you away from the old standards? What of the adventures of your spirit among books? For the best brief essays on the above general subject, we will award

a first prize of $40
a second prize of $25
a third prize of $15

Tell us frankly what your books mean to you. How did you form the habit of reading? What book made the first big impression on you? Is your reading general in scope or has it narrowed down to some special interest? Do you read more than you used to, or less? How many volumes do you actually read in a year? Are books ever read aloud in your home? These questions are merely offered to start you ruminating on this subject; it isn't necessary to answer them specifically. What we want are your candid and authentic impressions.

Conditions of Contest

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 500 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 5, 1923.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges.

Address all letters to
Contest Editor,
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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A NOBLE O

GOVERNOR PINCHOT'S OPPOR
OF PUBLIC DIG

BY NEW

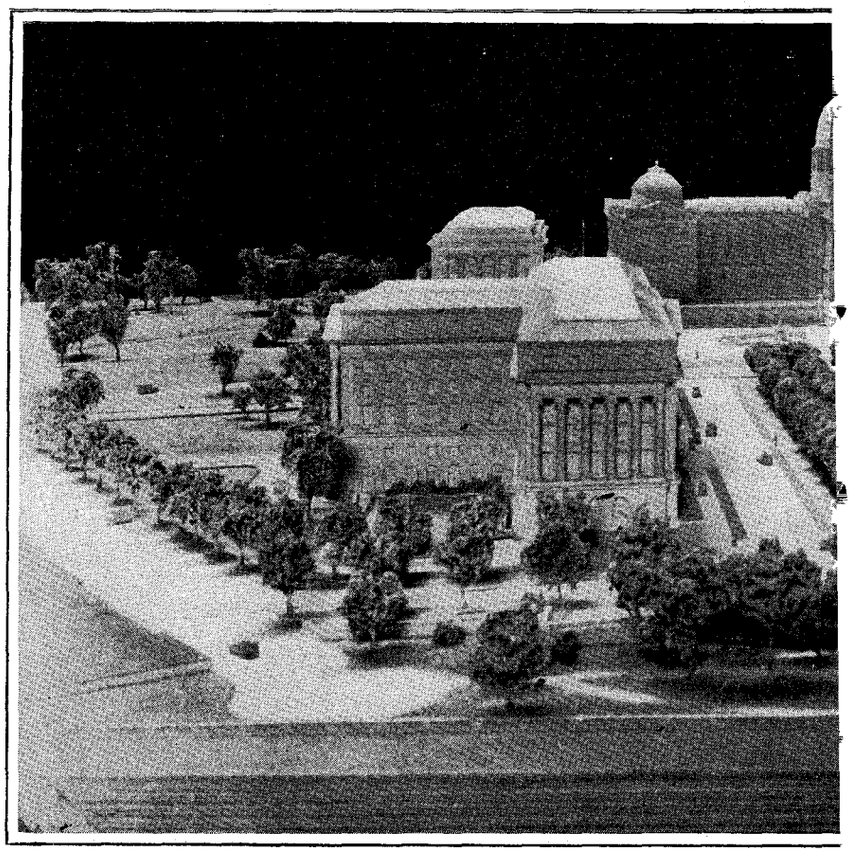
INAUGURATIONS of Governors do not usually take place among surroundings that match the dignity of the occasion. The platforms from which inaugural addresses are made are likely to be temporary board structures, rigged up in front of state houses and draped with bunting, while the audience probably blocks the traffic of Main Street.

But the State of Pennsylvania has taken steps to provide a setting of fitting architectural beauty and impressiveness for the inauguration of its future Governors.

Harrisburg is the scene of notable building operations. A State project known as Capitol Park, probably the most ambitious effort of its kind ever undertaken in America, is gradually being molded into reality. This project, when completed, will take care of Pennsylvania's official building requirements for generations to come. It is transforming a neglected region of Harrisburg into an immense group of buildings surrounded by a beautiful park of twenty-eight acres, and approached by a monumental Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Bridge, fully half a mile in length.

The State House itself, which has been built for perhaps fifteen years, was found to be inadequate both as to size and setting. For years the State of Pennsylvania did not know what to do about it. Finally it called in an eminent New York architect, Mr. Arnold W. Brunner, who made a careful study of the problem and then proposed the remedy.

That architect proposed to correct



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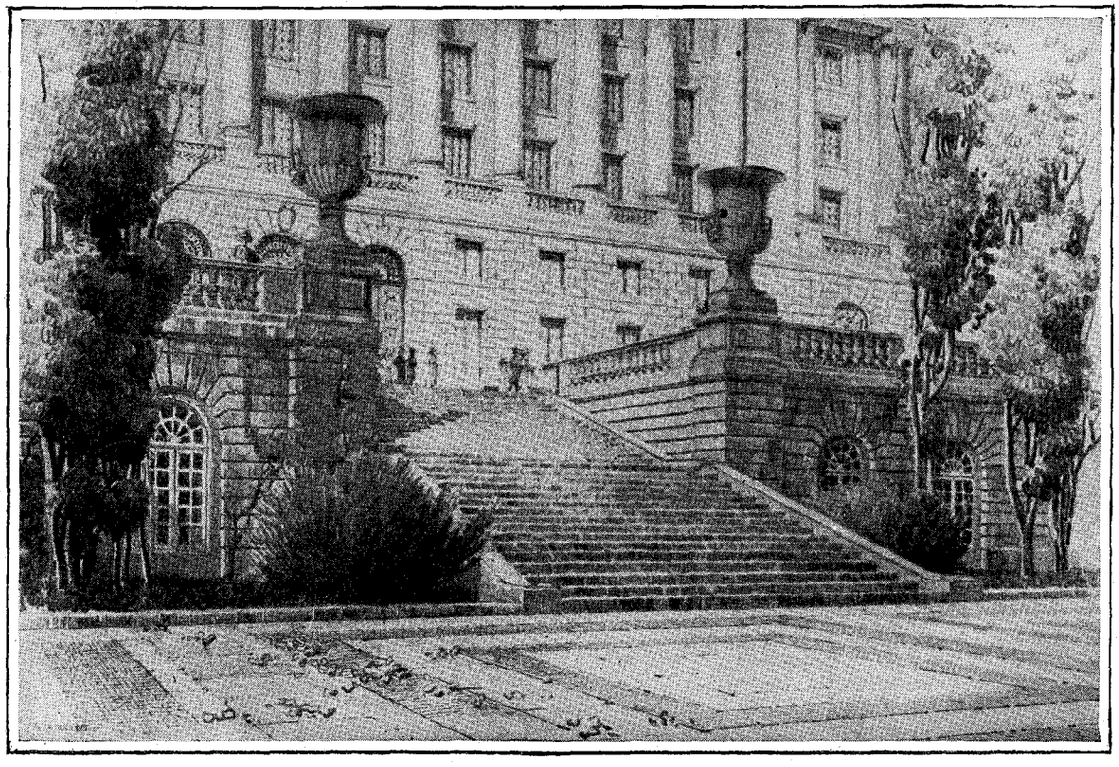

TERRACE AND STEPS FROM FORECOURT SHOWING OFFICE BUILDING

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FICIAL FORUM

JNITY FOR THE CONSERVATION ITY AND BEAUTY

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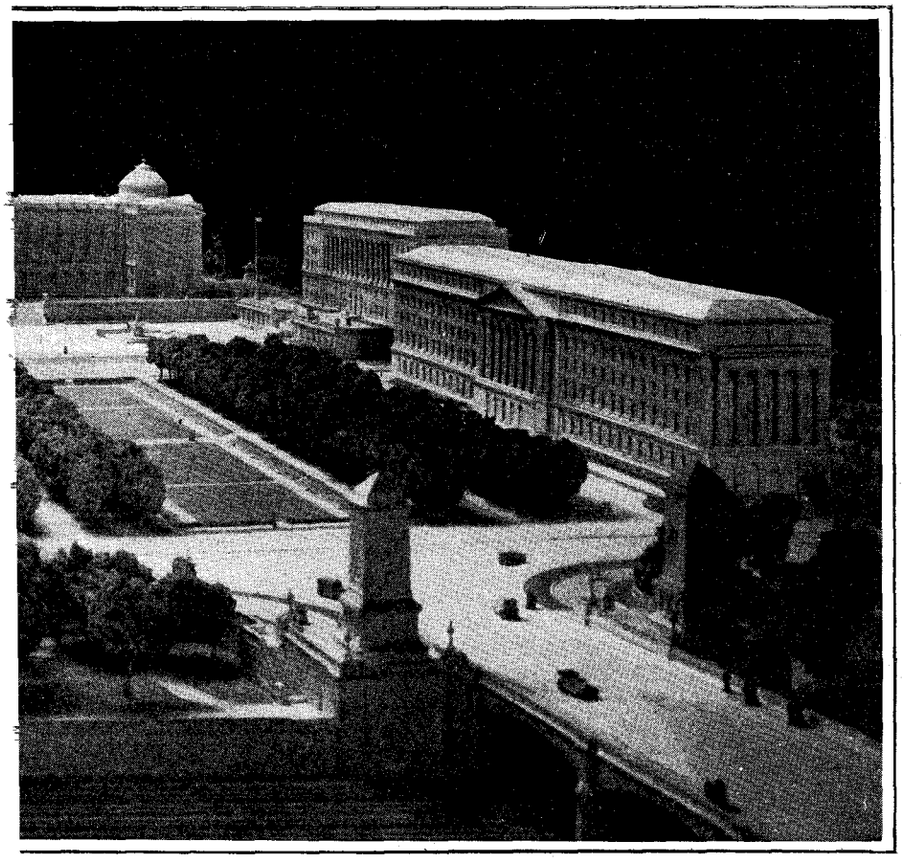


PARK, ARNOLD W. BRUNNER, ARCHITECT

he considered the faulty proportion of the existing State House by ing the front of it, and providing ng approach by a broad flight of Then he broke up the stern lines stairs with a semicircular stone m. Next he planned a forecourt undred feet in width, flanked on sides by office buildings in the of the Italian Renaissance. Be- the heroic forecourt, he designed nal park, sentineled with trees in formation and flanked in turn by for extensive office buildings to cted on the unit plan when re-

his gorgeous setting, echoing Ver- and Fontainebleau, Pennsylvania ave an incomparable forum for rations and other official cere-

half-mile bridge that spans the y tracks and approaches Capitol will be supported by massive of stately Alexandrian swing. trance will be guarded by two pylons, in whose vaulted cham- ill be placed bronze tablets in- scribed with the names of Pennsylvania's soldiers and sailors who fell in the World War.

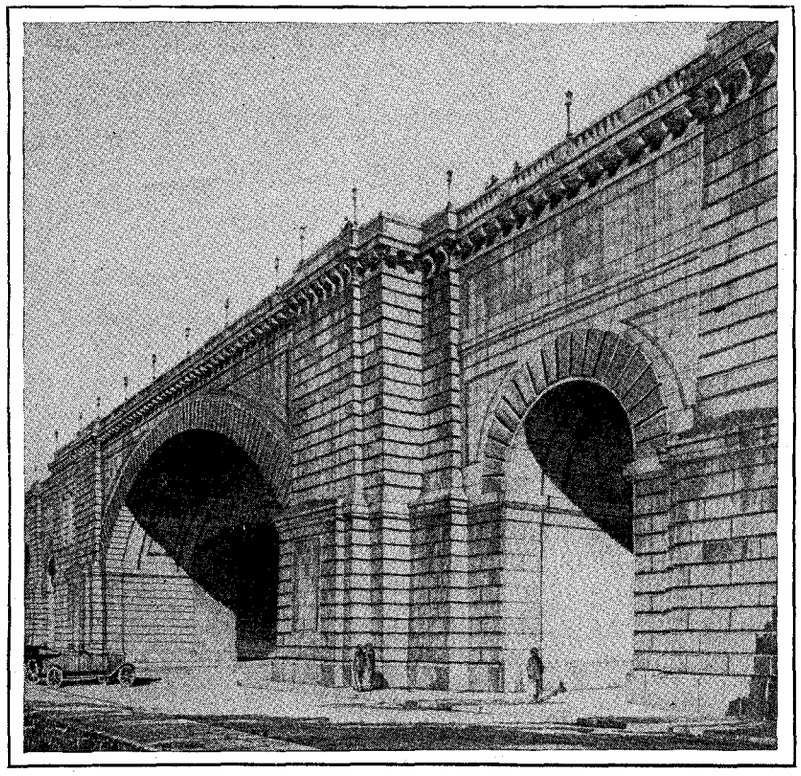
The first of the office buildings that will adjoin the Capitol has been completed. Each of its limestone columns is a huge monolith. The office buildings and the space below the terrace will provide the State with 300,000 square feet of usable space. All driveways, walks, entrances, and exits have been carefully planned by Mr. Brunner to accommodate the movement of the crowds that will eventually use the buildings and plaza. For the architect, like the playwright, has to know exactly how he is going to get his people on and off.

In the lobby of the Capitol at Harrisburg is an interesting exhibit, consisting of a plaster model of the entire project as it will appear when completed. The model measures about twelve by eighteen feet, and is exact in every detail, down to terrace, trees, fountains, lawns, walks, and driveways.

The work is under the direction of the State of Pennsylvania's Board of Buildings and Grounds, which consists of the Governor, the Auditor-General, and the Treasurer.

The project may not be completed for another decade, but already Pennsylvania's executives, legislators, and taxpayers are absorbed by the vision of the gifted architect who was the first to see how the State's official life might be enacted on a great and appropriate stage.

The encouragement, if not the completion, of this plan is the new Governor's great opportunity in the domain of public dignity and beauty.



PART OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MEMORIAL BRIDGE

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DOES THIS BEAT THE DUTCH?

BY ARTHUR DANIEL BERRY

A YEAR or two ago an article appeared in The Outlook from the pen of Mr. Bok telling stories illustrating the remarkable honesty of the people of Holland. Ever since reading it I have felt inclined to write a companion article in regard to the every-day honesty of the Japanese people.

I know that Japan has a totally different reputation in the minds of many of the people of America. That hoary old lie about Japanese banks and business firms employing Chinese clerks because of their superior honesty is still floating about here in America. That story has the vitality of the Wandering Jew.

I shall not argue in regard to Japanese honesty, nor shall I attempt to deny the facts which have led to the bad reputation of the Japanese in their international business transactions. I shall simply tell true stories which are *typical* of every-day life in Japan.

Two years ago I was taking a party of American friends from Tokyo to Nikko. At one of the stations I got off to buy the little pots of tea which we buy at any Japanese station for three cents. I paid the boy the total amount for the number of pots we needed for the party. The boy was handing up to me the pots of tea as fast as he could fill them, but before he could give me the last pot of tea the train moved out. I went back into the car and said to my friends, "Well, we are out three cents on that deal." But we were not out three cents, for we were in Japan. At the next station a railway official came into the car and asked in a loud voice, "Who left three cents at the last station for tea?" I said, "I did." He handed the three cents over to me and jumped off the train.

Two friends of mine went to the Uyeno Station, where one bought a ticket for the north. After they had left the ticket window, the one who had bought the ticket looked at his change and said, "I think I gave the ticket-seller a ten-yen bill, and he has given me change for a five-yen bill." They went back to the window and spoke to the ticket-seller about it. He replied that he thought that he had given them the correct change, but if they would leave their address he would be able to tell later whether any mistake had been made. They left their address and went away and forgot the whole thing. At the end of the month a letter came to the one who lived in Tokyo, asking him to call at the station. When he presented his card at the window, the missing change from the ten-yen bill was handed to him, with many apologies. The ticket-seller explained that at the end of the month they were in that much money in their accounts and that it must belong to him.

You cannot lose anything in Japan. If you leave a camera or your pocket-book on the train or street car, you will be sure to find them when you go the next day to the proper place. A friend of mine left a very expensive camera in Yokohama last summer. He discovered his loss after he was at sea. On the ship, having plenty of time, he wrote letters back to the various hotels in Yokohama where he had stopped, to the Young Men's Christian Association, where he had taken lunch, to the Japan Tourist Bureau, to an American friend in Yokohama, and, last of all, to the Yokohama police. Upon his return to America he began to get letters from Yokohama. The hotels, the Y. M. C. A., the Tourist Bureau, all wrote that they had no knowledge of his camera. The American friend wrote, stating that he had begun a letter to tell him that he had not left the camera at his home, but a policeman came in bringing the camera, and said that it had been left in a little fruit store at the foot of the Bluff. It had been turned over to the police, and they had kept it until they had found to whom it belonged, and the camera was soon on its way to America.

I left an umbrella hanging on the railing out at the end of the wharf in Yokohama, where a big crowd had gathered waiting for an incoming steamer. After reaching the railway station I discovered my loss, and, being in Japan, I felt it worth while to go back and see if I could find my umbrella. I found it hanging where I left it an hour before. Another time I left an umbrella in the crowded passageway of one of the railway stations in Tokyo, leaning up against the wall. I missed it after an hour or so, and went back to find it still leaning against the wall where I had left it.

An American young woman who lives in China left Tokyo on her long journey back to Peking by rail. It was at the time when the most alarming stories were being circulated in the American papers in regard to the way in which Americans were being treated in Japan, so I asked this young American woman to write me about her experiences on that long journey of two thousand miles alone on Japanese railways. Among the experiences she wrote me about was one which illustrates Japanese honesty. At Fusan she gave her ticket and her checks to one of the red-cap boys in the station to get her baggage rechecked and sent on north through Korea. The boy brought back her ticket and her new checks and the change from the excess baggage, just as the train was pulling out of the station. She managed to take the ticket and the checks, and as the train pulled out she called back to the boy to "Keep the change." After a night's ride she arrived in Seoul the next morning. A station official met her and gave her an envelope in which was the exact change she had left at Fusan the night before.

Two American young women were traveling from Tokyo up into North Japan. They bought express tickets for Aomori, where they were to change cars and take a branch line to their destination. The express train was late in Aomori, which is an unusual thing to happen in Japan with express trains, and they missed their connection and had to wait for a later train. They made no complaint, and when the time came went out and took their places in the second train. An official from the station came in before the train pulled out and gave them the amount of their express tickets from Tokyo to Aomori, explaining that as the express was late it was not right that they should pay the extra express fare.

One of our American women was traveling alone a few years ago in the interior of Japan in a second-class car. As a part of her lunch she had a tinned can of fruit which some Japanese friend had given her. She could not open the can, and, although the other passengers tried to help her and the train boy, none of them were able to get the can open. After leaving a station the train boy told her to wait until they got to the next station. When they reached the next station, a man came in with a can-opener! The boy had telephoned ahead for a can-opener to be brought to the train for the convenience of this American passenger. This also was at the time when we were hearing such sad stories from America of the way we were being treated in Japan. Friends from America arriving in Yokohama were afraid to get off the ship. They were afraid of being maltreated and spit upon by the Japanese people, and afraid that they would be arrested at the first chance by the Japanese police!

An old gentleman from California came out to spend the winter at that time. One day he had occasion to cross the expansive city of Tokyo by trolley car. We put him on the car in front of our compound and told the conductor where the old gentleman wished to go. It was necessary for him to change cars several times. At the first transfer corner the conductor held up his car, full of passengers, which means nothing in the Orient, and conducted the old gentleman across the corner to the conductor of the second car and told him where he wished to go. When they came to the second transfer corner, the conductor of the second car did the

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same thing, and so the old gentleman was personally conducted across the city of Tokyo. When he came back at night, he was loud in praise of the way a California old gentleman was treated in the city of Tokyo.

In my house in Tokyo there is not a door nor a trunk or a drawer or a box which I can lock. There was one closet in the house with a door of which I had a key, but I soon lost that key and never worried over its loss. When I come to America, I leave my possessions in the care of my servants and their friends.

All the above stories I can vouch for personally. My last story is one which was told me in a way which leads me to believe it to be true, but I cannot absolutely swear to its truth. An American in Japan went out into the country and bargained with a farmer for a hen. The farmer was to bring the hen to the home of the American the next day. The next day the farmer appeared with the hen and one egg. When the American asked why he brought the egg, the farmer replied, "Your hen laid that egg yesterday after you paid for her!"

Such is every-day life among the Japanese.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FARMER-CONSUMER GET-TOGETHER IDEA

BY H. CLAY EVENSON

I AM not a farmer. I am not a merchant. I am a professional man, and I have been Chairman of the Agricultural Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce of La Crosse. I read Mr. Kile's article in a recent issue of The Outlook, and I agree with it.

I have tried to do something practical in this matter of co-operation between the farmer producer and the city consumer along the lines Mr. Kile suggested. But I have encountered great difficulties and discouragements.

We now have over twenty public milk stations in La Crosse, where farmers bring in their milk each morning in large ten-gallon cans and transfer it into the consumers' own containers. The consumers come to the milk market, bringing their vessels with them, pay cash for the milk, and return home. About fifty gallons are distributed in this way from each station.

A widow called at my office the other day to thank me for having helped her save $54.75 in a single year. She bought three quarts a day for her three children, and saved 15 cents a day. Figure it out for yourself. A poor old Polish woman the other morning tried to kiss my hand because during a rush at one of these stations I had taken her pail and money to the head of the line and obtained for her a gallon of milk to take home to cure her children of a sickness she called mal-"musician," meaning of course mal-nutrition. The consumption of milk among the poorer classes has greatly increased since these stations have been in operation.

The consumer saves from three to five cents a quart and the farmers get much more for their milk than they otherwise could. If you want to know how much more, write Mr. Nick Arenz, of Coon Valley, Wisconsin. He lives fifteen miles from La Crosse. I started him in at our milk stations two years ago. At that time he showed me his cream check for the previous week's supply sent to the creamery. It was $26.60, and he had the skim milk left for pig feed. The following week he received for his whole milk $90.90, yet at the same time it cost the consumer 5 cents per quart less than the delivered bottled price.

But we have had and are having our troubles. Our present city Mayor fought me and the milk station idea. Most of our aldermen have. All the grocers agreed with me that we had too many milk wagons going over each block every morning. But when I said that there were even more grocers' wagons than milk wagons in my block every morning, the grocers said: "Oh, that is different."

So the fight was on. And later even the farmers did not give me the moral support needed to make the plan a complete success with milk and to extend it to other products.

One day a farmer stockholder in the local co-operative creamery came to me to get him started in at a milk station. I started him, but it was not long before representatives of the creamery came to me and said: "We do not like your milk stations, or you either, because it takes our milk supply away from us."

We could go on with our plan, and may do so. But how would you go about it to get the moral support of the farmers—say one hundred of them? Must I become a "dirt" farmer to have them believe in this plan which works out to their own good? I am not a paid agent for the milk stations, but, if you will come to La Crosse any morning of the week, I will show you that our consumers do get milk for much less and the farmers receive much more than formerly.

Consumers are largely to blame for the high prices they pay for food locally produced. It is *their* method of distribution that costs so much. They are lazy. They must pay for the excessive services demanded. But it ought to be possible for the man or woman who is willing to do without some of these services to get things for less.

Personally, I would like to see the farmer get ten cents more than he really deserves out of every dollar the consumer spends. I think we would all be the better off because of it. I believe that education and the workings of economic laws will remedy this distribution problem eventually. When the consumer really understands how big is the difference between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays, things will be corrected. But it is what the consumer thinks that counts, and he must be given the facts in order to think right.

RECENTLY we published a brief article by O. M. Kile telling how the average Mid-Western farmer feels toward the present system of distribution, which forces him to labor so hard to get so little. The suggestion was made that the consumer should do his part in meeting the farmer half-way in the present movement to cut down distribution costs through co-operative marketing.

In the present article (prepared by Mr. Kile from a letter received from Dr. Evenson, of La Crosse, Wisconsin) we have the other side of the story. Dr. Evenson writes of his discouraging experience in trying to carry out the idea of getting more for the producer, yet charging less to the consumer.

Commenting on Dr. Evenson's experience, Mr. Kile says: "This is another illustration of the losses due to lack of intelligent co-operation between city and country. Dr. Evenson did an excellent piece of work in setting up these public milk stations where those who were willing to go after their milk supply and receive it in bulk could do so at a big saving. But, instead of interfering (no doubt unintentionally) with the established farmers' co-operative milk-marketing association, he should have gone to them and made an arrangement to secure a steady, safe, and adequate supply. No doubt a very favorable price could have been arranged, in view of the minimum amount of service desired. Possibly some of the grocers would have been glad to offer their facilities as distributing stations for an hour or so each morning, if rightly approached."

—THE EDITORS.

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DECORATION

BY MARJORIE MEEKER

ALOOF and pale, the queen passed through dark curtains
  That were parted with pomp and proudly opened wide,
Then languidly drawn together again by the gaping
  Pages who stood outside.

White and frail as a frail white flower was the queen
  Against the violet curtains that swayed and stirred;
But the heedless pages wagged their heads and whispered
  Of a strange thing they had heard.

A little they marveled at the queen's proud hands
  And the shining of her jewel-twisted hair;
But mostly they talked of a darkly-burning ring
  She never used to wear.

A little they spoke of her voice more silver strange
  Than the sweetness of flutes in the highest castle hall;
But mostly they told of a name the queen would murmur
  Unheard, she thought, by all.

Proudly the queen had passed. . . . The somber curtains
  Remembered her paleness, and stirred and sighed with the wind;
But the pages nodded busy heads, and whispered
  That the queen had sinned.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, OPTIMISTIC PESSIMIST

BY L. DEAN-HATCH

"THE trend of modern music is *down*," said Leopold Godowsky recently in a conversation which I had the good fortune to see and hear. They were talking about the drift of the present school of music, meaning of course, not the universally condemned jazz and ragtime, but the best creative art in harmony that our generation has produced.

"The trend is *down*," and the face of the great pianoforte master, which lends itself so naturally in pleasant little creases to a clever jest or the teasing quip of the broad-minded observer of human frailties, straightened into the gravity and firmness his pupils learn to respect.

"Nothing that has been done in the last thirty years will live. In another twenty-five it will not be found. It *must* die. There is nothing in it to keep alive—to make live.

"The old masters," he explained, "they had a basis. To be exact, I suppose there is nothing in the world that has not a basis. But Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Mozart—these men worked on the best foundation they knew in life. They took for their inspiration—what shall we call it?—the Church? Maybe religion is the better word. But now, of recent time, the composers think only of material things, so that all they have to give us is little pictures, *motifs*, trifles of description. These things have no roots. They will vanish like the snow on the hills.

"Then there is this modern school that boasts the wild dance for a basis." The refined poet-musician shrank visibly at the thought. "Imagine the ultimate results of evolving music from the dance of savages that howl about a cave fire while they kill and eat one another! Compare that with music inspired by the most beautiful Gothic cathedral, where the thoughts and harmonies rise up to the lofty arches, which themselves but represent aisles in the mighty forest stretching upward to heaven.

"There it is in a nutshell. The old masters reached as high as they could. The new school grovels as low as it can go. The one lives; the other dies. It is very plain."

"Then are we not to hope," asked another musician, "that some higher inspiration may evolve out of this—this, our unfortunate period? Have we no future to beckon us in music?"

"It sounds discouraging," some one else objected, "for our day. Like the people who tell us the world is getting worse—going all to the bad—"

"Oh-h!" began Godowsky, cheerfully; "I did not say that there was no hope. It was not I that said the world was black and hopeless. Not at all. We are in a period of transition—that is what I say. The whole world, along every line, is going through the same process. You might put it, there are great masses of rubbish we are sorting out and burning. Our age—what is it? It is a mere span in the great bridge of life. And it appears that this span—our time—is dedicated to cleaning things up. It is given to us to recognize and burn up the vast masses of rubbish—as you would clean a yard, a boulevard—"

"But are we really burning anything? Or is it we're just collecting unsightly heaps, and making a noise about it?"

"It is certain that much that is evil in the world is being destroyed," affirmed the great man. "Though," he added a trifle soberly, "much that is good gets destroyed along with the bad. This generation has killed off many of its clever, able people.

"For it makes a great chaos and confusion, this transition, this sifting out the worth-while from the not-worth-while. There is nothing you can put your finger on and call it definitely this, that, or the other these days. We have no republics. No more have we any monarchies. No aristocracies. Nor democracies either. Lloyd George, of England, cannot tell any more than the rest of us what anything really is.

"It is also a fact that we no more have any governments. Just organizations it pleases us to call by that name. You might put us pianists in office," he added with a twinkle, "and you would have as much real *governing* performed. Never

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were peoples so hard to govern as at the present."

It is always delightful to listen to opinions expressed by great people. And especially so when the talk drifts quite naturally, without steering, into unpremeditated currents. Who had thought of Mr. Godowsky wandering into the sea of world politics when discussing modern music?

Yet what digression could have been more natural? If a man has mind enough to become a master of one department of life, that same master mind will be great enough to be interested in all other life. It will have its own viewpoint on the world and its special outlook on current affairs. After all, I thought, it is the strangest thing that we keep trying to shut artists off into an unpractical group just because they enrapture our souls through the medium of piano keys or pictures.

Who is so traveled as the world's master pianist? Who can speak to so many people in so many languages? And who is in so fortunate a position to rub up against the best culture and the most earnest thinking of his day?

But Mr. Godowsky was speaking again. He was summing up his attitude toward life, in the semi-humorous, semi-sober strain characteristic of him in his relaxed and social moments.

"Personally, I am what you would call a cheerful pessimist. Or," with a merry smile, "a pessimistic optimist. Either phrase will do equally well. I see chaos all about. That is true. But I also see hope. If we observe a trend downward in some one thing—even in many things—in our view of our age, our little span of life, that does not hinder us from believing that there may be also a greater trend *up* going on at the same time, reckoning on a larger scale, if we acquire the wider view.

"If some men persist that man is an utter failure—very well, then probably out of the universe—it is vast, we cannot comprehend the universe—somehow, somewhere, might be produced some super-being that will succeed better than man. It also we cannot comprehend. But, at any rate, we can believe—have faith.

"But myself, as I say, I am a cheerful pessimist. I do not see that we need to imagine super-beings. I see hope everywhere, even in our world confusion of the present. Russia is a wonderful country. Russia is capable of marvelous things—things not yet dreamed of. The mental capacity"—he tapped his forehead—"in Russia is absolutely amazing. She is virgin soil. All other countries, any other race—they have one, all, been developed to the high-water mark in the present or the past. They are civilizations or relics of civilizations tilled for centuries. But Russia—she is like the new earth fresh from the forest. Prepare it; throw on the water, and allow the sunshine. The growth will be past belief. You will see Russia rise.

"Germany too. I have great hope for Germany. In twenty-five years she will be greater than before the war. But in a different way. Not aggressive—this will be enlightenment."

"And England?" asked his hearers.

"England? Oh, it will have been good for England—all her troubles. She was getting too easy—into ruts. Nothing to force her into initiative. But now, fine! good! She must exert herself."

Here we were, listening to a rapid diagnosis of national conditions—a determinedly hopeful and cheerful diagnosis too. And a few moments ago our hearts had been sinking with the thought of modern music tobogganing to the dogs. Certainly Mr. Godowsky was proving himself a cheerful pessimist.

It came to me to wonder where the great master fitted in in this chaos of transition he told about, as it pertained to music. What part was he playing in the sifting out and sorting over of the art realm? The world's greatest pianist, a prolific composer himself, a refined poet-philosopher of piano literature, as he is called—it was inconceivable that he would be willing to have his own labor and influence descend to the canines with the common trend, and be lost within twenty-five years, almost before it was launched upon the world. What were Leopold Godowsky's aims and purposes?

He soon gave a clue, though quite unconsciously.

A lady had been introduced to him as a great admirer of his music, but one who technically "knew nothing" of his art. "Is she a critic?" asked Godowsky, merrily, for every one acquainted with the master knows that he regards "critics" and "know-nothings" as synonymous.

"Call me whatever you please," returned the lady, pleasantly. "All I know is that I do love music. But I am sure I could get more out of a recital if I knew what to expect. One could sort of tune one's self up to receive—as you tune a violin—"

Now all really great people are humble—humble enough to appreciate real humility.

"I will give you a hint," began the master, kindly. "Musicians are like speakers. When you attend a novelist's lecture, you don't expect geology, do you? Philip Gibbs won't give you a didactic discourse, like a minister; he will probably tell you about the war. A poet will read you poetry. But a scientist—you never think of being entertained by a scientist. It is the Harry Lauders you look to for that.

"It is even so in the world of music. Some musicians will educate you; some will thrill; others dazzle, brilliancy being their forte. Some will entertain you merely. There are even what we call 'spectacular' players. And then there are poets of harmony, and philosophers in music, and masters of sublime inspiration. Each one is a personality. A master along his own line—if he is anything at all. If not, he is only a copyist or a pupil. Though a pupil, if he becomes good enough, may rise to a master."

"You have indeed given me a key," said the lady; "you have made the individuality of artists quite, quite plain," adding with a playful hesitancy, as she glanced at a paper in her hand. "And what—what shall I expect—"

"Oh!" interposed the great man, throwing up his hands and relapsing into dialect in his haste, for he correctly divined the paper to be the programme of one of his own recitals; "that ees not for me to say; that ees entirely for others. But," coming back to earnestness, "I can tell you what I am *trying* to do in my playing—in my compositions. I am attempting to amalgamate two distinct schools of interpretative art, the classic and the romantic. I am trying to unite the perfection of form of the classics with the freedom of fantasy of romanticism."

And he proceeded to explain to the lady his meaning in simplest language.

Now, I thought, why was Godowsky striving to unite these two schools—a difficult task—unless it was that in the general downward slump he feared the romantic school might otherwise be lost? For every one knows its position is not as assured as that of the classics.

So *that* was his aim and purpose? To sift the worth-while out of the chaos of transition as it operates in the realm of piano music, and preserve it from destruction? Poet and philosopher in music Godowsky is called. But here showed his practical side. In this great world spring-cleaning he had described he sought to snatch precious brands from the burning and enshrine them safely for future keeping.

Afterward a star pupil of the master's, a young prodigy, of whom he entertains great hopes, was showing me a complete set of Godowsky's compositions, magnificently bound in morocco, which he had just presented to her. I was astonished at the size and number of the volumes. Godowsky's works are extensive, his compositions beginning at the age of sixteen.

"Some of it is too difficult to be played by ordinary pianists, which is probably why you have not heard more of it," remarked the pupil. "For instance, his Sonata. It is a most marvelous thing, and takes over an hour to play it."

"But will it live?" I asked, remembering the doom pronounced upon modern creations.

"Yes, I believe it will. For it has melody. Melody, you know, is the basis of all the old masters' work. Mr. Godowsky has consistently sought out the elements of real greatness and striven to amalgamate them, quite as he says.

"But Godowsky's own special line of greatness lies in his marvelous inner voicing—his weaving in of counter-melodies. It is an art that lends a peculiarly

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(C) Keystone

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

rich finish. Everything he touches turns out a rare mosaic. And he brings out the special beauty of each of these minute and myriad themes and intermelodies so exquisitely in his own playing. That is why it is difficult for the technique of the ordinary pianist to reach up to the detail and refinement of standard necessary to play the intricately rich compositions of Godowsky.

"But he has had forethought for this contingency. I suspect his own acquiring of his amazing technique prompted him to one of his greatest achievements, these, his 'Arrangements of the Chopin Studies,' which are intended to develop the possibilities of pianoforte playing, to widen its range of tone and coloring, and to expand what are called its polyphonic, polyrhythmic, and polydynamic potentialities. And here are his 'Miniatures for Students,' too, so beautifully arranged, with the bass played by the teacher. These studies are amazing, like the tricks of Godowsky's own hands.

"And then," swiftly turning the leaves of more great tomes; "here again are his wonderful 'Cadenzas for Beethoven and Mozart' Concertos.' These massed effects in pianoforte playing—it can readily be understood they are prepared to meet the vaster potentialities of the modern stage and its lavish sources of equipment.

"So, don't you see how Godowsky in his careful retention of the primal principle of melody, in the added enriching decoration of his own style, and his wise preparation of the student in technique to meet modern rapidly widening possibilities—don't you see how the master *must* believe in an *upward* trend again? How he is working for it?"

"These are his paraphrases—a line of work that has offered a great outlet for Godowsky's inimitable talent for enrichment. You see, he will run across some little thin piece, or theme, in the field of music which he thinks has promise in it, but which will *never* survive and be used as it is. He will take it, apply to it his wonderful faculty of inner-voice etching, and behold! it comes from his hands a rich and lovely thing."

The star pupil rippled a few simple phrases off the piano keys. "This," she told me, "is one of Strauss's waltzes which Godowsky has paraphrased. And see what he has made of it." And she began the "Artist's Life," that wonderful blending of melodies and mingled themes which are so profusely and elegantly woven and patterned together that the whole effect is magnificent.

"These Renaissance pieces," she picked up another volume, "are along the same line. They are among the most beautiful arrangements in all piano literature, and are particularly fine examples of that happy art of blending, or amalgamating, the purpose of which you heard him trying to explain to the lady.

"Left as in the original, they could never in the world have been played on a modern piano at a modern concert. They would have needed some quaint old spinet of their own time and day. But that is Godowsky's forte—taking a simple thread, and making of it embroidery or filigree, or weaving many filigrees into glorious tapestries. He saves and enriches countless things that otherwise would be lost to the world. I suppose it is an example of what he would call his optimistic pessimism.

"The purists in Germany made a great furor about it when they saw what he was doing. But why should they? It is precisely what Shakespeare did in literature. And did not their own Wagner work up old German legends into his 'Lohengrin' and 'Niebelungenlied'? Besides, Godowsky is perfectly open and frank about his work. He tells the world plainly whether his production is entirely of his own creation, or an arrangement, or a paraphrase, and precisely why he has done what he has done."

"Away with the fussy, meticulous purists!" I thought. For my part, I was glad some one had come into the world to meet this chaotic age of ours and rescue the principle of melody out of the modern syncopated jumble we all have to struggle to like, and to preserve what beauty we can from the prevalent destruction.

And that is how I discovered the practical side of a poet in music—the individuality of Leopold Godowsky in the realm of art—poet, philosopher, and preservist.

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MODERNISM AND THE CHURCH

BY ROLAND COTTON SMITH

When the Modern Churchmen's Union was formed last fall, The Outlook asked the President of the Union, who for twenty years was rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., to write concerning the spiritual questions that are stirring people to-day as they have not been stirred for years, and the following article, prepared before the first of the year, is the result of The Outlook's request.—THE EDITORS.

AS President of the Modern Churchmen's Union I have been asked to say something about this society, recently started in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

I willingly do so, as there has been a misunderstanding of its character and aims. The members have been looked upon as a sort of compound of Cubist and Bolshevik, eager for any kind of revolution, and ever ready to destroy. It has been feared that we would break down the faith of good people, and form another party in a Church where there are already too many. On the other hand, our declaration of principles has seemed too innocuous and inoffensive to warrant our existence.

The reason for our existence lies in the chaotic and turbulent condition of the world to-day. Foundations have been, not shattered, but shaken, and they have to be examined and strengthened before we can build our new world. To begin with the reconstruction of any part before we have examined the whole spells failure.

There can be no success until the individual man knows himself to be an Atlas with the weight of the whole world upon him and the responsibility for the rebuilding of it resting upon his shoulders. We must be appalled and sobered by the gravity of the situation before we can do anything.

For the greatest obstacle to any solution of the problem is the irresponsible and unbridled tongue. Not the tongue that is held in check by the appalling realities, and, feeling its responsibility, speaks only of that which it knows, and criticises the other man's opinion in love; but the tongue of the man who feels no weight of the world upon his shoulders, and thinks that its reconstruction is to be brought about by rulers and congresses, and speaks without knowledge and criticises without love.

If the world is to be built up again, we must have ideas as to how it should be built; not one man's idea, but all men's ideas. And before we do anything else we ought to assemble at a great Hague Convention of the Spirit, and adopt these two fundamental principles: I. "There are, it may be, so many different kinds of voices in the world, but not *one* of them is without signification." II. "Finally, brethren, be courteous."

The Modern Churchmen's Union is a modern Atlas with a sense of humor. It is weighed down by the seriousness of the situation, but it does not take itself too seriously, and it has already adopted the fundamental principles of the spiritual Hague.

If the world is to be built up again, it will have ideals as well as ideas. It will have religion; the binding together of the material and the spiritual; placing the spirit within the wheels. It is bound to have a Church, the organized expression of the life of God in the soul of man. And this life of God is bound to express itself in many different forms.

This Church will have a creed, for a creed is a statement of what men have found at any given time, and at all times, in the spiritual world.

If, therefore, the world is to be rebuilt, the Church must be rebuilt, not to conform to the world, but to transform it.

With these universal principles in mind, the modern Churchman turns to his own Church to study the problem there. And the same problems will be found to exist in all of the Churches.

As the Modernist studies the problem of the rebuilding of the Church on the old foundation, the prospect is unexpectedly and magnificently encouraging. As he studies the thoughts of the people of the world, and especially the people of his own country, he finds a chaotic and bewildering whirl of ideas palpitant with life. As he looks into the melting-pot of thought he discovers that men are not thinking in terms of matter, but in terms of spirit. The methods and conclusions are often grotesque and twisted, futile and abortive. Nevertheless this most important fact stands out—men are trying to interpret life in terms of the spirit. Since this society has been started I have received many letters from all parts of the country, telling how the individual man, throwing aside all authority, is trying to work out for himself the problem of the spirit. Laymen everywhere are writing books, showing how, from their particular angle, they have worked out the problem for themselves, until they have reached for themselves reality. The novels of to-day, below all their filth and defiance of conventions, are concerned with some problem of the spirit. The art of to-day is not sensual and materialistic; it is the attempt of a man to express, not what the other man has seen, but what he sees of the spirit within the form. The result of his labors often appears monstrous, but it is a step in the right direction, for when the true spirit is recaptured it will inevitably express itself in the right form. This development which we can see most clearly in modern art throws a light upon the whole modern surging of the spirit. It springs out of life and demands reality; and it refuses for the present to accept any of the established forms; but when the spirit is recaptured we shall find that it will express itself more and more in the old accepted forms.

Men to-day are trying to express life in terms of spirit. Fifty years ago men were trying to express life in terms of matter, and scientists, by the careful and painstaking collecting of facts, by their loyal devotion to truth, and by their penetrating generalizations, unrolled before men's eyes a physical universe so stupendous and overpowering that men were led to believe that the physical world was everything. Now men are beginning to see what the prophets declared fifty years ago—that there is still a world of the spirit untouched by natural science; that evolution, whether it be true or false, is merely a statement of a physical process, and has no bearing whatever on the existence or nature of the spiritual world. The scientist and the spiritual expert work side by side and in entire accord within their separate spheres. When the scientist now and then tries to make an excursion into the spiritual realm, and uses his approach to prove the reality of the spiritual life, he is still dealing with material things, and makes no contribution, and the spiritual expert by his side smiles and says: "What you seem to have recently discovered we have known ever since the world was made."

The real contribution that the scientist has made to the rebuilding of the Church is his method. What we need to-day are spiritual experts who will laboriously and patiently collect and classify spiritual facts and truths in human experience, state spiritual laws and principles, and make broad generalizations. Not to dodge behind every new word and call themselves psychologists or something else, but reclaim the old word, a word that best describes the nature of God, and know themselves spiritual experts in a spiritual world.

Now, the fact that men are trying to express life in terms of the spirit and the fact that science and religion have come to a better understanding and can work side by side make the present conditions most auspicious for the rebuilding of a Church. There never was a time in the history of the world when the prospect was more promising.

And that brings us to the question:

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What is the Church, as constituted to-day, going to do about it?

We will confine ourselves to the responsibility resting upon the Protestant churches of the country. And, in order to make the matter concrete and practical, I will state the case as it has presented itself to me in my own experience.

I have had the good fortune to belong, in different parts of the country, to associations of ministers made up of clergymen of the various denominations. In our discussions I have been unable to discover to what special denomination each man belonged, but I have always found a universal agreement as to the amazing and appealing personality and divinity of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I have met with few young or aged priests who have lost faith in Him. That does not seem to me to be at all the tendency of to-day. On the contrary, I have found a growing disposition to associate Jesus Christ with the whole of life—taking him out of scholastic definitions and placing him and his cross a living, ever-present Being in the very center of the modern life—and, like life, too simple and elemental and universal for adequate definition. These clergymen would all agree that man can see God in the face of Jesus Christ; that he has brought life and immortality to light; and that if Jesus Christ was followed and his life and teaching put in practice the world would be redeemed and the kingdom of God established on the earth, and whenever the experiment has been really tried it has succeeded. And this wisdom and power which is Jesus Christ, the unique revelation of God, is in possession of the sons of men. And this unique revelation is to be found in the Bible.

Thus far these ministers of God have been in agreement. And notice the vast significance of the agreement.

But right here begins the separation. Not Baptists on one side, and Episcopalians on the other, not Presbyterians here and Methodists there; but on one side the men who call themselves Fundamentalists and on the other side the men who call themselves Modernists. These are the same men who have opened their meeting with the same prayer, have sat around the same table, and are going forth from that room to their Master's work of bringing light and life to men.

The reason why these clergymen found themselves on different sides is because fifty years ago the Bible began to be examined critically, to see how it was made and to find out what it really said. This Bible, as we have seen, means everything; it is the record of the revelation of Jesus Christ, upon whom the hope of the world depends. The Fundamentalist said: "You cannot touch it. Leave it alone. You critics are going to destroy our Bible and the faith of good people. Do away with its authority, and you kill hope."

Now the Fundamentalists are right in saying that no hands shall hurt the Book where millions of men find life; they are right in saying that the men who examine it shall not destroy it. But the Modernist answers the Fundamentalist, and says: "We have such faith in the light and life and spirit that we have found within the Bible that nothing can destroy it. Let us find out all about it; how it was written in the blood of men and in the blood of Jesus Christ; let us strike down deep to the authority of the spirit of the Book." And the Modernist also claims that his willingness to examine the Bible critically has been vindicated; for the men who have examined it have shown it to be a greater book than men dreamed of, with more authority than it ever had before.

The Fundamentalist looks at the tree of life whereon hangs the fruit on which men live, and he says: "Leave it alone, for there is the fruit which I and my children have tasted and found life." And the Modernist says: "Prune it. Cut off some of the branches, that it may grow taller; improve the soil, that it may become richer and bear finer and more abundant fruit."

Now in the next few years the same controversy is to go on in the New Testament about the person of Christ. The Fundamentalist, who has found life in him and has given up his own life to serve him, seems to be afraid that in some way this Person is to be done away with and banished from the hearts of men. The Modernist says: "Here are the keys to all the approaches. Come in and examine all the facts. Get at all the truth you can. Go down deep into the nature of man. Pierce into the very character of God. Do not stop until you have traversed the heights and depths of the spiritual world, and we believe that you will come back from your journey with a more far-reaching and divine conception of the divinity of Christ, the Son of God and the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, than you have ever had before."

Here, then, are these ministers of God in all the denominations in some degree Fundamentalists or Modernists, both with faith in Jesus Christ; both believing in the Bible as the revelation of Christ, the Son of God; living in a world torn to pieces, surrounded by multitudes of people trying to express life in terms of spirit and wanting to be told how to do it—and the people turn to them and find them quarreling. If the Church as now constituted is to make any contribution to the rebuilding of the world this senseless and wicked business will have to stop. The heresy before God in a trial for heresy is the trial itself. Mr. Buckner, the Christian, is not hurt by being put out of the Methodist ministry; the whole Church is hurt. Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, you cannot hurt the Christian scholar Dr. Fosdick; you hurt the Church.

The Modernist is too often contemptuous of the Fundamentalist, making no attempt to understand his position and giving him too little credit for his defense of the faith, but the Modernist never wishes to put the Fundamentalist out of the Church. The Fundamentalist, on the other hand, is too apt to judge the Modernist before he understands him, and, thinking him something different from what he is, would put him out of the Church.

> They drew a circle and drove me out—
> Infidel, heretic, a thing to scout.
> But Love and I had the wit to win—
> We drew a circle, and kept them in.

If the Protestant churches are to make their invaluable and necessary contribution to the rebuilding of the Church, the Fundamentalist and Modernist must come together immediately in love and mutual understandings or it may be too late, and the judgment of God will be upon our heads.

These ministers of God who sat at the same table, said the same prayer, and suppressed their denominational distinctions, went back to their homes—Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians—and began to emphasize their petty differences instead of proclaiming their essential and all-satisfying agreement.

To the Modernist this question of Church unity is simple, but terribly important. The tragedy within war burned away for the moment the trivial differences that divide the Church, and the Church for a glorified instant knew itself one. Why should not the tragedy that lies within the peace of to-day shame us and mock us and burn us until we know ourselves what we really are—one Church, on one foundation and with but one aim?

All that the Churches need to do is to attend the spiritual Hague Convention and subscribe to the two articles:

I. There are, it may be, many different kinds of voices in the world, but not one of them is without signification.

II. Finally, brethren, be courteous.

If we do that, we can help the seething multitude who are trying to express life in terms of the spirit and help to rebuild the Church.

When the breach between the Fundamentalists and Modernists, which cuts through all the denominations, has been healed, and the different churches know themselves to be one Church, then each one of them will be prepared to go back and put its own particular house in order.

The ministers of each Church who partake of the same body and blood of Christ at the communion table, who pray to the same God in the name of his Son, must come together and calmly, courteously, and without haste discuss the vital question of the Creed. And, at the outset, let it be distinctly understood that the discussion is not between a body of men who uphold the faith of the Church and another body of men who would undermine it or who would whittle down the Creed to fit a dwindling faith; it is between loyal men on

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both sides who want the Church to do its largest work in the best way. On one side of the table will be found the literalist and the strict constructionist. On the other side, the poet and the man of creative imagination. The literalist will be found to be first cousin to the Fundamentalist, and the poet a near relative of the Modernist. The literalist says, "Do not lay profane hands on our Creed lest you destroy it." The poet says, "Put all the new light into the Creed to enlarge it." The literalist asks, "What did the Council say?" The poet asks, "What does the Bible say?" One would have it mean just what it meant to the Council that constructed it; the other would have it mean what spiritual men to-day, with the life of the present living Christ within them, see.

One would have it a test for entrance into the Christian Church; the other would have it a blazing signal on the mountain-top, the highest expression of the deepest living in the spiritual world with Jesus Christ, into which men within the Church are to grow by living and leading, by suffering and serving.

The Modernist would have this discussion confined to experts, so as to have the old-new Creed ready for the awakened spirit of to-morrow. For he looks out into the unchurched masses and feels a surging spirit without form. And he looks into the Church and seems to sense a complacence to form without the surging spirit.

The face of the multitude is infinitely pathetic.

He hears the groaning of the spirit trying to express itself, impatient of conventional and established forms. He feels the thrill of a palpitant and expectant life, and he wants the Church that he loves to have such unbounded and invincible faith in the things that she stands for that she will be willing, for the moment, to put aside the question of forms and expression and seize hold of every bit of spirit appearing in the hearts of men, to be patient with the grotesque and abortive forms in which the spirit expresses itself, knowing that when the spirit is again recaptured it will go out instinctively to the true and eternal form and to the inevitable sacraments.

Then will the Church of to-day, knowing itself one and at peace within herself, make her eternal contribution to the rebuilding of the new Church in a new world.

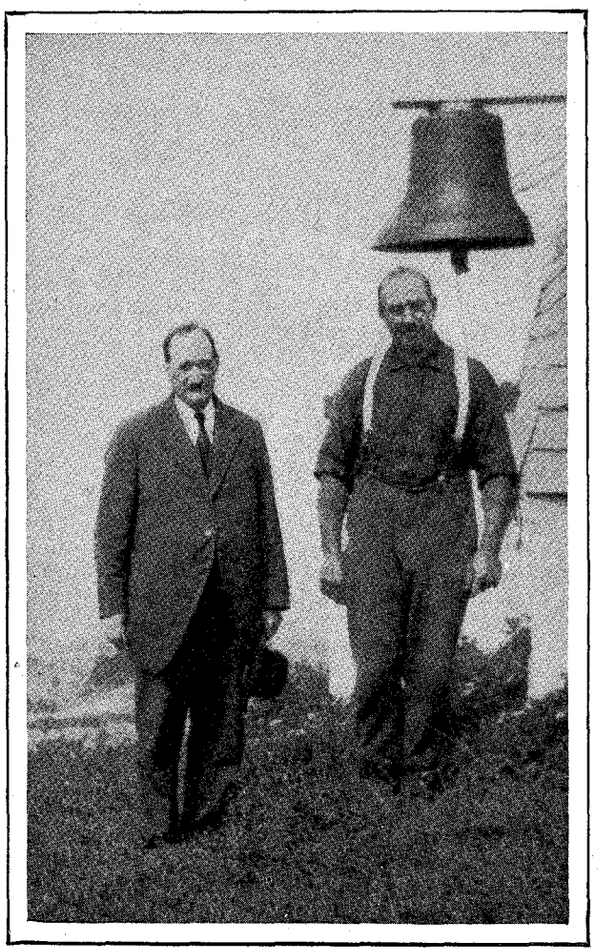
THE ISLANDS LOSE A FRIEND

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
—*Matthew Arnold.*

IN winter days like these the coast of Maine is quite as bleak as that of Labrador. We are too much inclined to picture it in summer, its naked headlands relieved by the mansions of millionaires, its isolated bays the hostesses to craft innumerable. But those who were reared in its coast villages, who have known it when the ice has locked its harbors and when a February gale has taken toll of its ships, who know its fir-clad islands—Head Harbor, Muscongus, Matinicus, Monhegan—and its towering lights from Moose Peak to Boone Island, they know that the scant four months of summer are witnesses most biased and inaccurate.

Along the twenty-five hundred miles of that coast from Kittery Point to Eastport there journeyed until December last during all seasons of the year a second Wilfred T. Grenfell, the Seacoast Missionary of the State of Maine, Alexander P. MacDonald. There probably has never been, even in the seafaring days of the early nineteenth century, a man who knew the coast as he knew it. His acquaintance with it began twenty years ago when he received and accepted the call of certain Maine churches to become missionary pastor of a new society known as the Seacoast Mission of the Coast of Maine; and that acquaintance continued daily until at the time of his death on the 4th of last December he had come into intimate knowledge of its every headland, of its most reef-filled harbors, and of its smallest and most remote island. Its tricks of weather piqued his ingenuity and his powers of prophecy.



ALEXANDER P. MACDONALD AND THE KEEPER OF THE NASH ISLAND LIGHT

"I won't be so bad at guessing after another twenty years at this business," he said one day when a sudden fog had surprised him off Cape Split.

Captain or Dr. MacDonald (he was known by both titles along the coast) came of island and seafaring ancestry. His grandfather was a MacDonald of

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the isle of Skye, that misty, rock-girt island of the Hebrides whose language is still the Gaelic of the Highlander and in whose crofters' homes Celtic lore and legend are preserved—perhaps, indeed, increased. There was always the guttural burr of the Gaelic in the captain's speech, and not a little of the mystic imagination of the Celt in his gray sea-blown eyes. His grandparents, with their children, were among the early Scottish settlers of Prince Edward Island, where Alexander MacDonald was born on December 25, 1866. Ten years later his father and mother moved to Bath, Maine, a seacoast town with an enviable maritime history. In 1891, at the age of twenty-five, he graduated from Bowdoin College, having helped himself during his college course by teaching and preaching at intervals on one of the most outlying of the Maine islands, Outer Long, now known on the Coast Survey maps as the town of Frenchboro. Andover Theological Seminary conferred upon him in 1894 the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and from that year until he became the leader of the Seacoast Mission he preached in the Congregational churches of Seal Harbor and of Cranberry Isles, Maine.

The purpose of the Maine Seacoast Mission since its organization has been the bettering of the social, educational, and religious conditions existing on the islands, on the light stations, and on the remote portions of the coast; and only those who knew the coast twenty years ago can understand to what a wonderful degree this purpose has been fulfilled. Its fulfillment has been due to the work of Captain MacDonald.

Within him were combined the rare qualities of the best of pastors, the best of teachers, the best of physicians. He knew the island people, and never allowed his sense of the pathetic to be untempered by his refreshing sense of humor. He taught them a religion at once practical and simple, and infused his teaching always with the thought that Christ came first of all to fishermen. When they forgot his teaching, as they not infrequently did, he smiled and taught them again. He was a bulwark to their pride in having schools upon the islands, which before his coming had often been closed for the very practical reason that no teachers could be found willing to accept inadequate salaries and impossible living conditions. With the Mission funds and island labor he built and furnished on more than one island a small but comfortable house in which the teacher might live and which might also serve as a kind of settlement house for island gatherings. From the very date of his acceptance of the island pastorate he began to accomplish his ideal of education away from the islands for island children of high school age. Diseases prevalent upon the islands because of unhealthful living conditions, malnutrition, and the tendency to intermarriage, always a problem in an isolated community, he fought with the enthusiastic courage of the best of physicians. Through his efforts, which stimulated the generosity of individuals and of societies, free beds were given to the Mission in various State hospitals, and to these hospitals he brought on the Mission boat dozens of crippled children and sick men and women, soon to go back to their islands to begin a new kind of life.

Miles through the most stormy of seas and the bleakest of winds were never miles to him. They were guide-posts to opportunities for service. During the year 1921–2 his boat, the Sunbeam, chugged her way through over five thousand miles of water, carrying her Captain, with his engineer and pilot, sometimes to hold a funeral service on one island, to baptize a baby on another, to cut the ice in certain harbors so that the fishermen could launch their boats and to work, to carry a sick child to a hospital, or to take Christmas boxes, together with books and magazines, to every island, light station, and remote coast settlement where there were children. On one trip she carried a most disgruntled and seasick cow—a gift from a Maine farmer to a certain islander with underfed children. And that year, except perhaps for the cow, was typical of all Dr. MacDonald's years as missionary pastor.

The Sunbeam, flying the Stars and Stripes at the stern and the Seacoast Mission flag at her bow, is known in every harbor along the coast, saluted by every light station, and hailed by every passing ship. Her captain was likewise known, and was proudly entertained in the homes of Bar Harbor capitalists as well as in the immaculate sitting-rooms of lighthouses. He had a singular charm of personality, born, one likes to think, of native cultivation deepened and widened by devotion to service. His large, well-built figure, his kindly face, bronzed by wind and sun, his frank gray eyes (the far-seeing eyes of a sailor), the beauty of his speech, the simplicity and gentleness of his manner, the bigness of his thought on all matters of importance from financial conditions in Europe to the urgent necessity of having a dentist visit his islands—all these made him loved, even reverenced, by all who knew him. Among his friends he might have numbered many and of all types, from the head of the English Department of Princeton University, Dr. Henry van Dyke, and the late editor of The Outlook, who visited some of the islands with him, to those friends, most prized of any, the hundreds of island sailors and fishermen.

His death was entirely unheralded. Apparently in good health, he died just as he was boarding his boat on December 4 at Northeast Harbor preparatory to carrying his annual cargo of Christmas packages to twelve hundred children of the lights and islands.

The coast of Maine in its changing history has lost an invaluable chronicler of its life during the last quarter of a century. He knew and loved to tell the stories, both traditional and truthful, that cling about this promontory and that island and light. Many of them he had gathered from actual experience—that of the keeper's wife at Mark Island Light who guarded the dead body of her husband and kept the light burning through a three days' storm before assistance could come to her; that of the child at Moose Peak who fell into a fissure of the rocks and was drowned before her mother's eyes; that of the fifteen-year-old boy who became suddenly mad from the loneliness and isolation of one light station. He knew, too, better than any one else the economic aspects of the fishing situation in their relation to the single fisherman who ten years ago earned a good living with trawl or single line, but who to-day has been practically put out of business by beam-trawler fishing.

The State of Maine has lost one of its strongest forces for educational progress. Always interested in better schools, especially for the more isolated districts, he constantly brought before the Board of Education the conditions existing in the island schools; and some two years ago succeeded in convincing that Board that the State should assume the responsibility of providing adequate means of education for the children of light-keepers who could not afford to send their children to the mainland to school. Similarly, nearly a decade ago he initiated the movement toward education for lighthouse children by persuading the State to appoint a light teacher, who journeyed from light to light, often by means of the Sunbeam, teaching a fortnight upon each station where there were children.

But, though the State can ill afford to lose a historian and an educator, it is to the people of the islands that Dr. MacDonald's loss will seem irreparable—to them "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters." During this most rigorous of New England winters, when even in the inland towns and villages life has resolved itself into an attempt to keep warm and unburied by snow, the island folk, the prey of recurring blizzards, will sadly miss him who for twenty years has come to them in the bitterest of winters to minister to their needs, whether material or spiritual.

Surely to such a life, as to his that ministers to the Labrador sailors and fishermen, a biographer is due—not, indeed, as a payment of a just debt, but rather as a pledge to this and to coming generations that the larger, more abundant life is still that which is given to self-forgetful service.

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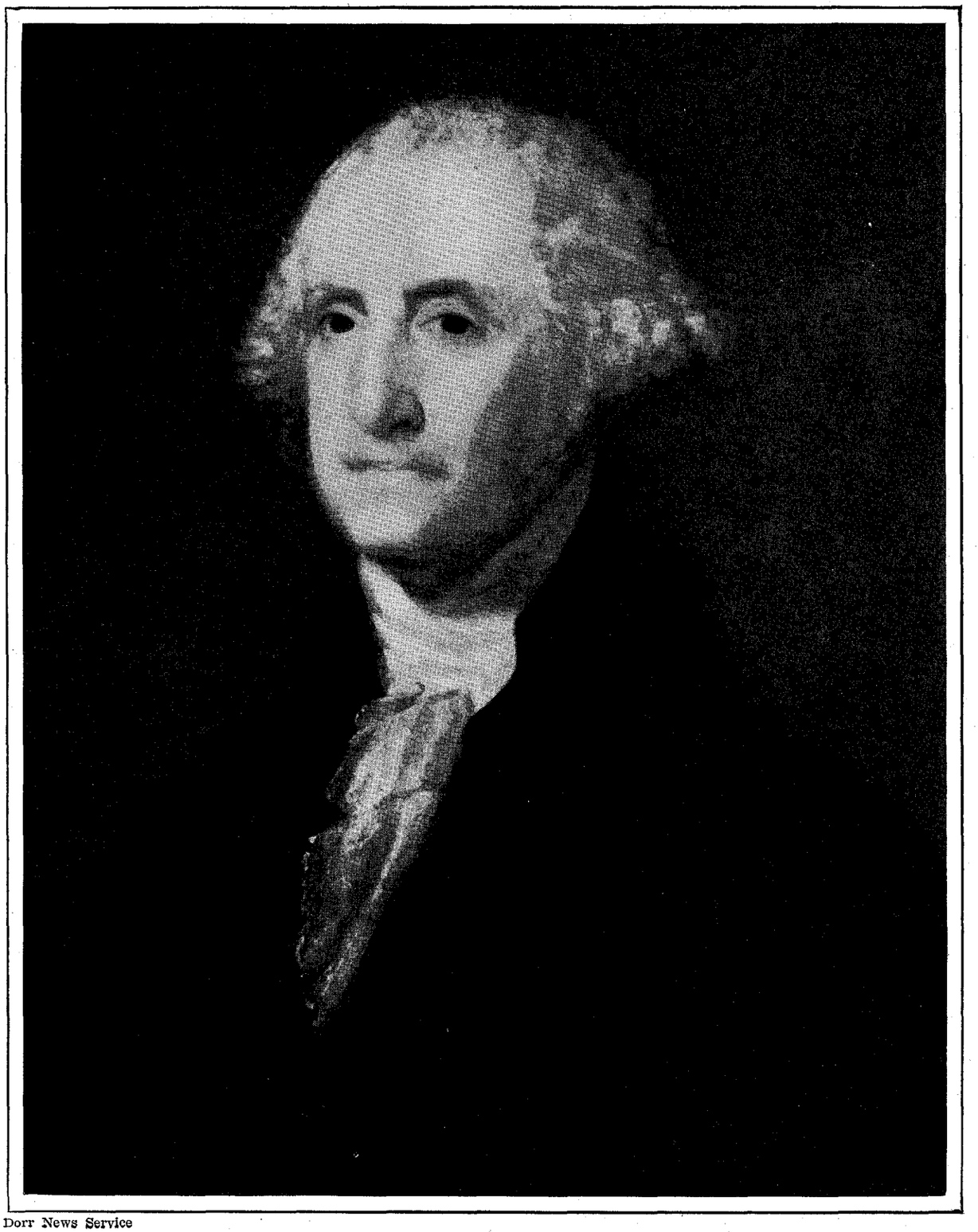

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON BROUGHT TO PUBLIC ATTENTION

This portrait, believed to be by Gilbert Stuart, who painted many portraits of the Father of his Country, was in the collection of Mr. George Ricard, of Brooklyn, and is now owned by Mr. Arthur Ewen. It has been shown recently in a private view in Carnegie Hall, New York City, in the studio of Mr. Joseph H. Boston, through whose courtesy it is here reproduced

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THE BOOK TABLE

JANE AUSTEN AND BURLESQUE

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

"LOVE AND FREINDSHIP,"[1] by Jane Austen, makes its first bow to the public more than a century after it was written.

It is a very small book, not much larger than "The Young Visiters," and, so far as the first story in it is concerned, quite like that charming burlesque. It is interesting to notice that, about a century apart, two English girls should both have written in the same vein. Nobody can take up Daisy Ashford's "Young Visiters" and compare it with Jane Austen's "Love and Freindship" without being struck with this fact. In both cases the spelling is faulty, but that of course is unimportant, except that in Miss Ashford's case it was supposedly due to ignorance and in Miss Austen's case to the fashion.

Most people readily admit that Jane Austen holds a place secure in English literature, not only as a novelist of the first class, but also as a satirist and humorist quite exceptional in all the world among women writers. Mark Twain, for some reason, detested her work. He said that any library was a good one which did not have in it the works of Jane Austen. But Mark Twain, supreme as he was in his own field, was a poor judge of other writers; he had the most violent prejudices, and displayed them violently and without any particular standard of judgment.

Now Miss Jane Austen had a sister, Cassandra, and with this sister she left a number of manuscripts, written when she was quite young, not more than seventeen. These manuscripts were turned over by Cassandra to her brother, a naval officer, and they came down through his branch of the family. Recently Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton was instrumental in having them published as an addition to Jane Austen's works, and he has written for this little book of hers a charming and illuminative preface.

The book itself contains a number of pieces, among others "Lesley Castle" and "The History of England," but it is with the first piece, namely, "Love and Freindship," that I am chiefly concerned, because it shows so strongly the spirit and vein of genuine burlesque. And yet it is difficult to define burlesque, which is a sort of first cousin to parody and united with the spirit of comedy. To say that Jane Austen's "Love and Freindship" is a burlesque of the London loves and matrimonial life of her day is not to convey any idea of the remarkable quality of her work. She must have had a deal of fun writing it. It is not only a hilarious piece of work, but it is all so well written that it is explainable only on the ground of genius. There is not a line in it that is bitter, nothing to convey any impression of pessimism; it is, on the contrary, quite joyous throughout. Chesterton calls attention to one or two phrases in it showing that it was the forerunner of some of Jane Austen's later works, notably "Pride and Prejudice." It consists of a series of letters written by two ladies to each other, relating their escapades. The fifth letter, written by Laura to Marienne, tells about an evening in December where her father and mother and herself were arranged in social converse about the fire. There was a violent knocking.

> My father started—"What noise is that" (said he) "It sounds like a loud rapping at the door"—(Replied my mother) "It does indeed" (Cried I) "I am of your opinion; (said my father) it certainly does appear to proceed from some uncommon violence exerted against our unoffending door." "Yes (exclaimed I) I cannot help thinking it must be somebody who knocks for admittance."

This fooling goes on for some time, in which the possibilities of there being somebody at the door are discussed with vigor and inimitable variety. It then being determined to admit them, it having been ascertained that there was a young gentleman and his servant at the door:

> Mary (the maid) without waiting for any further commands, immediately left the room and quickly returned introducing the most beauteous and amiable youth, I had ever beheld. The servant, she kept to herself.

The story moves rapidly. It seemed almost instantaneously that Laura and Edward (the name of the beauteous youth) should be united.

> "Oh when will you reward me with yourself?" exclaims the beauteous and impetuous Edward.
>
> "This instant, Dear and Amiable Edward" (replied I) We were immediately united by my Father, who tho' he had never taken orders had been bred in the church.
>
> Adieu
>
> LAURA.

From these brief extracts only the most fleeting glimpse can be obtained of the rare quality of this little book. And it is perhaps unjust to the memory of Jane Austen to call it baldly a burlesque. It is certainly not a parody; it has a farcical element united with that artistic restraint which is always a mark of genius; and with it all, that rare thing called Comedy is greatly in evidence.

Think of the deep conservatism of old England; of its enormous sense of respectability; of the formalism of its country life; of its clergy, its severe though no doubt benignant hospitality—think of all this, and then wonder that a girl of seventeen should have hit it off so admirably, so unerringly, in a little book that, in a dusty manuscript, has lain in a forgotten corner nearly a century. It exceeds in its delicate humor and its superlative satire many of the alleged masterpieces of the present day.

[1] Love and Freindship, and Other Early Works. Now first published from the original manuscript. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AFRICA'S HUMAN RESOURCES

BY L. H. HAMMOND

IT is a far cry from Hawaii to Africa by way of America; but that is the route, through three generations, of the idea upon which Dr. Jones's statesmanlike report[1] is based. The idea is that education should teach people to live successfully the kind of life they will have to live in the place where they will have to live it. That means for the masses of any rural population moral and religious training, elementary book learning, a knowledge of sanitation, hygiene, agriculture, rural arts and crafts, community co-operation, and healthful recreation.

Years ago an American foreign missionary to Hawaii conceived this idea, and devoted himself to making good citizens of Hawaii as well as of the kingdom of heaven, apparently with no thought that he was starting something big and revolutionary. His son, General Samuel Chapman Armstrong, brought the idea back to America, and after the Civil War planted it in Virginia at what grew to be the Hampton Institute of to-day. From Hampton it spread to Tuskegee, and then through the South, winning increasing co-operation from the Jeanes and Slater Funds, the General Education Board, the United States Department of Agriculture, the Rosenwald Fund, and the State and county boards of education of every Southern State. From colored schools it has spread to white schools in many parts of the country; for Negroes are not entitled to a monopoly of an education that fits a country population for successful use of its environment, with the

[1] Education in Africa: A Study of West, South, and Equatorial Africa by the African Education Commission under the Auspices of the Phelps-Stokes Fund and Foreign Mission Societies of North America and Europe. Report by Thomas Jesse Jones, Chairman. The Phelps-Stokes Fund, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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resulting advance in character and economic independence.

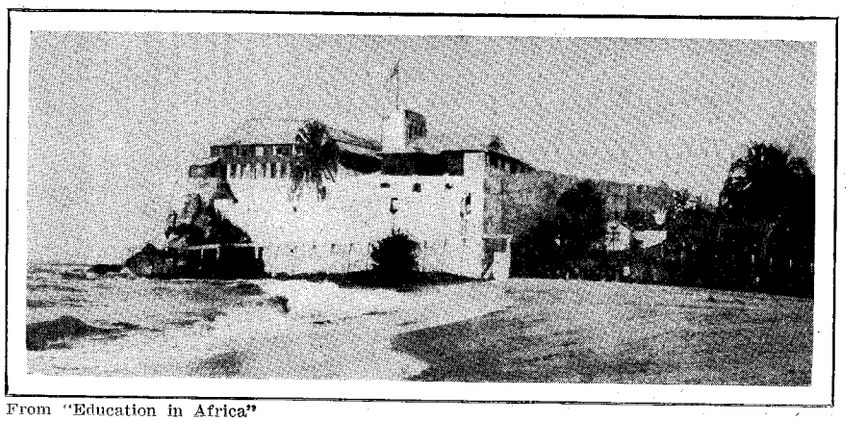
Dr. Jones, Chairman of the African Education Commission and author of its newly issued report, is a recognized expert in the adaptation of education to life. A Welsh-American who has spent most of his American life in the South, he has studied the new education at first hand. He was long director of the research work of Hampton Institute, and later a specialist in the education of racial groups in the Bureau of Education at Washington. He is now the educational director of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, founded by the late Caroline Phelps Stokes largely for the purpose of promoting education of Negroes in America and Africa. This Fund is responsible for Dr. Jones's two-volume report on "Negro Education," published by the United States Government—a work which was awarded the Grant Squires prize by Columbia University for "original investigations of a sociological character carried on during the five years preceding the award." This report attracted wide attention abroad.

After the war a request for Dr. Jones's services came from the foreign mission societies of North America and Europe. They wanted an educational survey of West and South Africa, whereby the educational work of the missions might be more effectively related to the life and needs of the native peoples. No proposition could have better harmonized with a main purpose of the Phelps-Stokes Fund's founder; and Dr. Jones was at once granted the necessary leave of absence.

The interest of the mission authorities being already enlisted, the hearty co-operation of the American, English, and Belgian Governments was secured.

The Commission, with white and colored members and with Dr. Jones as Chairman, sailed from Liverpool in August, 1920. During the succeeding year they traveled over 25,000 miles in Africa, down the west coast from Sierra Leone to Durban on the east coast, and far inland through Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Belgian Congo, Angola, and the various states of the British South African Union. The outcome is this report, with its detailed study of conditions and its comprehensive recommendations for an educational plan suited to the present status of the natives, which is put forward in the interest of all classes and races interested in African development, human or commercial.

The first thing Dr. Jones does is to upset all our inherited ideas about Africa. It isn't "Darkest" Africa; the darkness is subjective, the product of our own misunderstandings. It isn't "the white man's graveyard," except as any continent may be in some pestilential spots not yet subject to hygienic laws. (Incidentally, Dr. Jones reminds us that New England and Virginia were fairly capacious graveyards for white people before they learned to adjust themselves to their new conditions.) It is not, above all, the home of a lower order of beings, a link between man and animals.



From "Education in Africa"

A GOLD COAST CASTLE

Once the stronghold of slavery, now the residence of a British Governor and the center of activity for the improvement of the native people in education, health, and material well-being

It is a country of wonderful beauty, of noble mountains, of great plateaus and valleys capable of immense production, whether of tropical or temperate fruits and crops. The water power is almost unlimited. Every colony has some of the precious metals; and, unexplored as so much of the continent is, vast deposits of tin, copper, iron, coal, and oil are known. The immense forests have hardly been touched; and the possibilities of cattle-raising and of agriculture are difficult to exaggerate. There is wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

The great question is how the wealth is to be secured, and how divided and applied. Are the natives to share in the development and enjoyment of the land which has been theirs for countless thousands of years; or are they to be ignored or suppressed except as they serve the white man's interests?

From "Education in Africa"

NATIVE GIRL FROM THE KATANGA

All sorts of dark-skinned folk are native to Africa. From cannibal and barbarian to skilled professional men trained in European universities one may match, at one point or another, every phase of the life of other races from the pre-cave-man down. We modern whites have a curious habit of regarding ourselves as moving in a constantly ascending path, while considering undeveloped races as occupying a fixed sphere with sharply defined and permanent boundaries. Yet, if we will but understand, savage and semi-civilized folk reveal to us ourselves at former levels of development. Not only the native African graduates of European universities and technical schools, but the much larger group of clerks and skilled employees working for European corporations in the various colonies, plainly refute the thesis that the native African cannot be usefully educated. What the report deprecates is an education that does no more than fit a few to be useful to the whites in business and commerce, while the vast masses of the people are sunk in superstition, ignorance, suffering, and inefficiency in those great reaches of country where, for generations to come, they are destined to remain. At present the education of the few tends to draw them to the towns, and to open a gulf between them and the millions of country dwellers whose spiritual and economic leaders they should be.

What is needed is such an education for leaders as will bind them to the masses to be led; and for the masses a training in those simple industries through which they may find themselves and the God with whom they cooperate as they till the soil and master the crafts which can turn their hovels into homes and their groups into cooperating communities.

This is the idea which was dropped into the soil of Hawaii three generations ago, the idea which is bringing hope and prosperity and a spirit of

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interracial respect and co-operation throughout the South; the idea which is shaping a once shiftless and hopeless mass into a body of worth-while citizens out of which by inevitable law the more gifted individuals rise to a leadership which is prophetic of the achievements of their race in the generations to come.

All this Dr. Jones foresees as possible for Africa also. Being a Christian, he is compelled to be an optimist; there is no escape so long as he holds to his religion. A Christian need not be blind to facts, however discouraging; only, being really an optimist, he can face the most hopeless conditions just as they are, and find justification for hope on the far side of them. That is why, one supposes, the missionaries have dared to tackle Africa at all; and why, also, their work shows cause for the faith that is in them. In hundreds of places they have hid the leaven, and character is coming to light as a result. But if all the mission groups could work toward a general plan, not bound by the educational formulas of the highly civilized folk to whom they belong, but fitted to Africa's needs on Africa's present level of development; if governmental and business agencies can be brought into co-operation with the same plan—why then this "last frontier" will furnish a new story in human development, a story of co-operation between native and foreigner for human and commercial growth.

Certainly it is worth a trial. Men have tried everything else—exploitation of every degree in every land of earth; and they have won money, and a rising tide of hatred and distrust, until scarcely a government is safe to-day. Who will predict of any government that it will surely outlast the century, or even half so long?

Here once again is a chance for the world—the last chance, it would seem—to try on a great scale the Christian way of dealing with undeveloped races. There are those who think of Christianity as a beautiful dream, too unsubstantial for a place in the rough world of politics and business. But it claims to be an application of immutable laws of successful human association to the business of every-day living; and if it is less than that it is worthless, for this world or for any other.

Dr. Jones has taken the long look—the Christian's look, the statesman's look. He sees the background of natural beauty and material resources, the scattered groups of Europeans and Americans in the foreground, some eager to develop the black folk for their own and the world's good, some bent on a quest for personal gain; and all the vast spaces between, filled with dark-skinned humanity ranging from savagery to semi-civilization, with individuals here and there standing out as unassailable witnesses to the capabilities of the mass. Any policy of development successful in the long run and on a great scale must include both the human and the material resources; and that can come only with a fourfold co-operation of governments, missionaries, business corporations, and the more advanced natives.

The plan advocated, though flexible in detail, fits the need as the muscles fit the bones of the hand. Africa, one day to be the granary and storehouse of the world's multiplied population, will be a predominantly agricultural continent. Certainly, for as far ahead as can now be seen, the masses of its people need training for country life. This training must begin on their present level, unhampered by the educational traditions of more advanced peoples, and be content, for the great majority, with only a rudimentary education in books. They must be taught the laws of health, to free them from the tortures of witch doctors and the immeasurable suffering caused by preventable diseases. Training in agriculture and village crafts must give them decent homes, economic independence, and hope for the future. And the teaching and example of Christianity must build up character and the power of co-operation to higher ends.

With all this provision must be made for the development of ample native leadership. Above the lower rural schools, supervised as they must be by natives of higher training than the regular country teachers, should stand, in central locations, schools corresponding to the county training schools for Negroes which are doing so much to build up a trained leadership for the colored people in the South. Here the best pupils in the rural schools could get training in the higher grades and, as rapidly as might be practicable, regular high school work. But from the first these schools should furnish elementary instruction and training in the art of teaching and in community activities, with further instruction in agriculture, sanitation, and hygiene. In this more advanced education, as in the rural schools for the masses, the Christian spirit of service should vivify the whole.

These higher institutions would furnish the teachers for the country schools; but again a way would open for the best of the students to develop their ability to the full. Enough secondary schools should be provided to fit natives of this class for training in European universities and technical schools until such time as Africa's own resources became equal to providing first-class opportunities for such education at home.

It is so simple. Big things always are. So simple and obvious is the clean, straight path that cuts through the entanglements and perplexities wherein men and nations are lost that one is tempted sometimes to wonder, looking at the world's cross-purposed selfishness, why so few of the wise and powerful see the wisdom of God; and why, when they do see it, they are so liable to be considered fools.

But always there is the possibility of a new thing under the sun. Nay, more than that is the certainty, ultimately, of a whole new earth. That men of many lands and faiths have co-operated to secure such a specimen of Christian statesmanship as this report affords is earnest of still better things to come. Already there are many clearer-visioned men to whom Africa, the immemorial prey of East and West, offers opportunity for the greatest achievement of the human race—a continent-wide victory of co-operation, of practical Christian brotherhood.

THE NEW BOOKS

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CONSTANTINOPLE TO-DAY. By Clarence Richard Johnson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

It would be difficult to find a more interesting subject for a social survey than the capital of the Ottoman Empire; and the American conductors of this survey have done full justice to their subject. The cosmopolitan character of the Turkish metropolis, its mixture of mediævalism and modernism, its religious background, its industries, charities, and schools, and its present condition as affected by the great European struggle, are strikingly and interestingly brought out in this comprehensive scientific study. The success of the investigation is indicated by the statement of a Constantinople business man to one of the writers of the survey: "I am revealing to you business secrets which I have acquired through thirty years of experience; and I have told you more than I have revealed to the most exacting military investigator during that experience." And the sympathetic appeal of the book appears in this statement: "Even in a study such as this, one must record the great heroism of these Armenian widows who have suffered everything, yet carry on, sending their children to school, toiling at unaccustomed and difficult tasks, keeping their families together against fearful odds. It is heroism which must bear fruit in the character of their children."

ON THE GORILLA TRAIL. By Mary Hastings Bradley. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

Mrs. Bradley tells in an easy, flowing narrative the story of an African trip that was replete with unusual and exciting incidents. She hunted with both gun and camera, and with much success. The lure of the gorilla has led many hunters to Africa since the days of Du Chaillu, and Mrs. Bradley has made one of the most readable books about the great ape and his haunts.

POETRY

SONNETS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

The excellence of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's sonnets is emphasized by the re-

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A Handy Desk Book that Shows You How to Combine Words into Compelling English

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How to approach a business man?

How to conduct a phone conversation?

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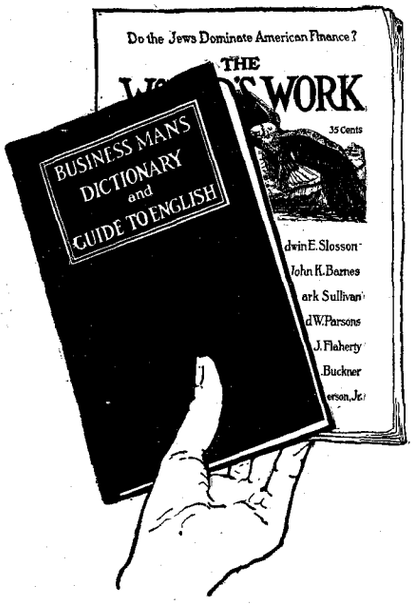

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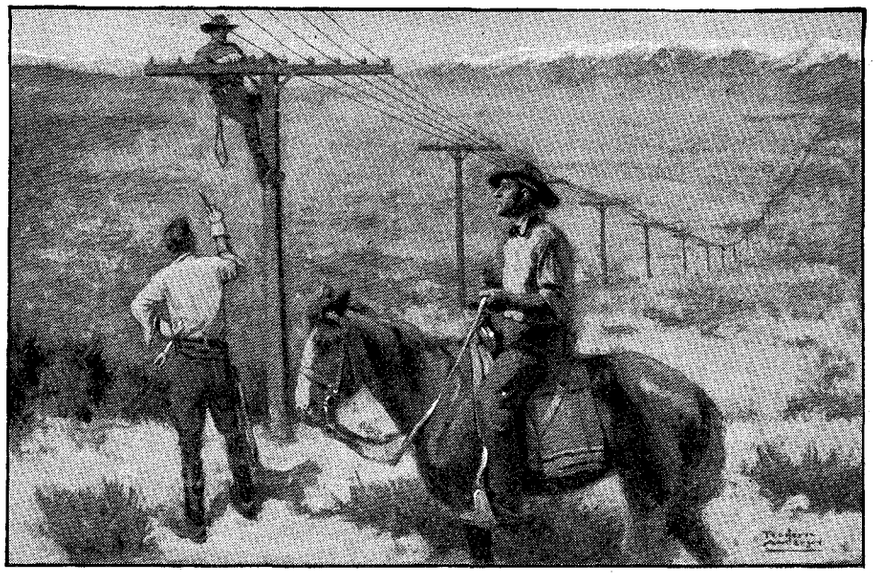

The Bell System's transcontinental telephone line crossing Nevada

Highways of Speech

Necessity made the United States a nation of pioneers. Development came to us only by conquering the wilderness. For a hundred and fifty years we have been clearing farms and rearing communities where desolation was—bridging rivers and making roads—reaching out, step by step, to civilize three million square miles of country. One of the results has been the scattering of families in many places—the separation of parents and children, of brother and brother, by great distances.

To-day, millions of us live and make our success in places far from those where we were born, and even those of us who have remained in one place have relatives and friends who are scattered in other parts.

Again, business and industry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

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publication of his "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter" in a new edition to which have been added four new groups of sonnets: "Don Quixote," "Rue des Vents," "The Middle Years," and "Epitaph for the Poet V." Mr. Ficke is one of the few contemporary American poets who can handle the sonnet form with a degree of ease and almost lyric urge that is far removed from the usual archaic attempts. It is difficult to think of many more poets who can equal him in this field. Miss Millay certainly; Mr. David Morton, perhaps. Mr. Ficke's sonnets possess beauty of phrasing, a nearly always successful technique, and a passion that often grows cerebral. Most poetry lovers are already familiar with the "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter;" therefore an example of his work is quoted from "The Middle Years," one of the new groups:

This is the burden of the middle years:
To know what things can be, or not be, known;
To find no sunset lovely unto tears;
To pass not with the swallow southward-flown
Toward far Hesperides where gold seas break
Beyond the last horizon round strange isles;
To have forgot Prometheus on his peak;
To know that pilgrim-miles are only miles.
Then death seems not so dreadful with its night
That keeps unstirred a veil of mystery.
Then no acclaimed disaster can affright
Him who is wise in human history
And finds no godhead there to earn his praise
And dreads no horror save his empty days.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

YESTERDAY AND TODAY. By Ralph Nevill. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Anecdotes and reminiscences of London society, London clubs, and English country house life by the author of "Mayfair and Montmartre." There are many contrasts between the good old times and the supposed social decline of our day.

BOOKS RECEIVED

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CHILE—TODAY AND TOMORROW. By L. E. Elliott. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

SCIENCE

KINGDOM OF EVILS (THE). By E. E. Southard and Mary C. Jarrett. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.50.

MENTAL CAUSES OF ACCIDENTS. By Boyd Fisher. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

RADIO FOR ALL. By H. Gernsback. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

LOG-CABIN LADY (THE). An Anonymous Autobiography. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

STORY OF UTOPIAS (THE). By Lewis Mumford. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.

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Special Real Estate Announcements

The issues of March 21 and April 18 will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property

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For Sale 2,000 acres (whole or part) of wild land in County of Welland, Province of Ontario—Niagara Peninsula

About 20 miles west of Buffalo, N. Y., within sight of the greatest Canadian industrial area; that is to say, the Welland Canal and Niagara district, which is developing very rapidly with its cheap electrical power and water transportation. Great bargain for anyone who has capital to invest. For full particulars write WILLSON ESTATE, care of C. C. WILLSON, Marshville, Ontario, Can.

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NORWALK, CONN. For Sale New 6-room cottage, improvements, chicken houses, garage, 1½ acres, $6,500. Address J. B. L., 15 S. Main St., S. Norwalk, Conn.

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FOR SALE, the Glover property Blue Ridge, Ga. 400 acres in and adjoining city. R. H. R., 334 Hemphill Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

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Want Maine Property?

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FORTUNES ROCKS, Biddeford, Me.—2 shore cottages for rent, furnished most attractively for modern housekeeping; 8 rooms, bath, 2 toilets, electricity, water. Also small furnished camp for 3 persons. Miss ESTHER W. SMITH, Andover, Mass.

Boothbay Harbor, Me. Furnished cottages for sale or rent. Season $150 and $200. Price $900 and $1,800. 300 ft. shore front on Boothbay Harbor opposite Capitol Island. Photos. J. H. BLAIR, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

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Large furnished private cottage on finest of beaches, with pine grove. In locality of private homes. 7 master's rooms, 3 baths, 2 toilets, sleeping-porches, 3 servants' rooms, bath and toilet. Living, dining, and breakfast rooms, with fireplaces. 2 large porches, screened and glassed. Butler's pantry, kitchen and laundry. Electricity, furnace, single party telephone, Garage, chauffeur's accommodations. Private tennis courts. Golf links near. Apply Mrs. R. C. PAYSON, 82 West St., Portland, Me.

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Furnished bungalow, by the month or season. Modern conveniences. Open fireplace. Miss Elsie F. Packer, 87 Edwards St., Hartford, Conn.

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Furnished cottage facing the ocean. 9 rooms, kitchenette, 2 studios, bath, 2 toilets, piazza, porch. 1½ acres. SUSAN M. KETCHAM, 1010 Carnegie Hall, New York City.

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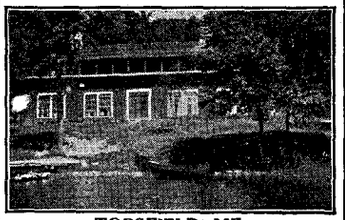

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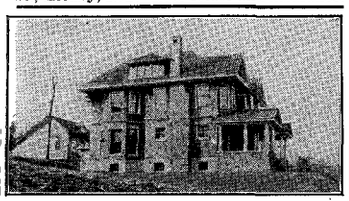

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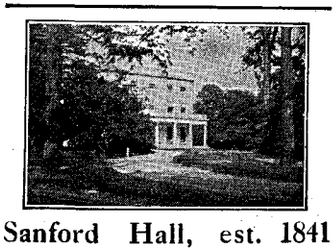

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BIDS wanted. Rare old books in excellent condition. Bellum Tartaricum, 1654. Paulus de Castro, Lectura padua super secundo ff veteris, 1492; Intrationum liber omnibus legum Anglie, 1546; Lord Bacon's Law Tracts, second edition, 1741; Fleta, Commentarius juris Anglicani, 1735. Others. Correspondence solicited. L. B. Watkins, Cloquet, Minn

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SAFE 8% FIRST MORTGAGE INCOME CERTIFICATES additionally secured, tax exempted, quarterly payments. Permanent or reconvertible. Ask circulars. Home Building & Loan Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

TEACHERS needed for January, February and September, all departments of schools and colleges. Special terms. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheo Building, New Orleans, La.

FOR THE HOME

FOR sale. Southern wild smilax $3 cas here. Six pints fig preserves $3 here. Paper shell pecans 60c. lb. postpaid. Winter Green Gardens, Marion, Ala.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for an type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1 5 Samples on request. You can buy cheap stationery, but do you want to? Lewis, 2 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

ENGRAVING, printing. Cards, invitation letterheads. Anna Wildman. The Clinton Philadelphia.

FOR $1 postpaid. 200 sheets bond note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address. 10c extra west of the Mississippi. Order direct or write for sample. M. C. Harp, Box 139E, Lansingburg, N. Y.

TWOFOLD "ARISTOCRAT" STATIONERY, for business or personal use. 100 sheets 75 envelopes, 3½x7½ fine bond paper $1 printed with your name and address. At 10% West of Denver. PARAMOUNT PAPER CO., Dept. H 2, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED—An experienced baby nurse. Good references required. 3,301, Outlook

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

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"When the stormy winds do blow"

So goes the old sea song, and it would be good advice to add

DRINK

Baker's Cocoa

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It is warming and sustaining, for it has genuine food value, and may be safely indulged in any hour of the day, for it is stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating.

It is delicious too

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Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

"HUGE CUNARDERS"

Back almost in the beginnings of steam navigation, the expression "A Huge Cunarder" typified—as it does today—a great, staunch ocean liner; the latest development of maritime architecture; the acme of comfort and luxury in ocean travel.

Three of the latest leaders in this magnificient fleet—

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Write for full information

CUNARD and ANCHOR STEAM SHIP LINES

Cunard Building, 25 Broadway, New York
or Branches and Agencies

To Real Estate Owners and Dealers

All indications point to an active and profitable spring market for real estate. You are interested in reaching possible buyers.

You will find a number of interesting Real Estate advertisements in this issue of The Outlook. The next two special Numbers will be dated March 21 and April 18. A small advertisement in these special issues will enable you to reach thousands of prospective buyers and renters.

In the three corresponding special issues for 1921 The Outlook published 337 separate real estate advertisements.

In the same issues for 1922 The Outlook carried 353 real estate advertisements.

The steady growth in volume of real estate advertising is the best indication of the particular value of The Outlook in bringing consistent results.

The rate for real estate advertising is only 60 cents a line. We will be glad to aid you in the preparation of copy. Write us promptly, sending full information regarding your property.

Real Estate Department,
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOUSEWORKER—Competent white girl for cooking and general housework. No washing. Family of adults. References required. Address Mrs. F. C. Runyon, 3 Deepdale Drive, Great Neck, L. I., or phone Great Neck 314.

Teachers and Governesses

NURSERY governess. French or Swiss Protestant; must have intelligence and patience. Permanent position in country; two children, 4 and 7. References required. Mrs. H. Chambers, River Road, Louisville, Ky.

WANTED—October, 1923—man or woman to take entire management of Southern boarding school for young children. Must teach few subjects and have following. Address 3,278, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY will prepare income taxes evenings. Reasonable. 3,277, Outlook.

TO schools, institutions, or private individuals college graduate trained in accountancy offers services in care of accounts. Whole or part time. 3,283, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, by Canadian of refinement, position as companion or nursery governess. Housekeeping experiences. No objection to country or travel. Handy with needle. Highest credentials. 3,295, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position as secretary-companion in wealthy elderly couple's family. Fifteen years' experience. Happy environment far more important than salary. Winifred Herrick, Kenwood, Madison County, N. Y.

COLLEGE senior, young woman with good references, will tutor in mathematics or English, or will care for children, for expenses traveling abroad this summer. 3,287, Outlook.

EDUCATED young woman desires position as secretary or traveling companion. South or California. 3,288, Outlook.

ENGLISH young woman, companion, secretary, chaperon; wide European experience; highly educated; highest references. Address 3,292, Outlook.

WANTED, for the summer, by French woman with college education, position as companion or governess. References furnished. Services available after June 10. 3,298, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, supervising, understands thoroughly all branches of housekeeping. Last reference eight years. 3,299, Outlook.

SITUATION by elderly widow as managing housekeeper in private home, companion to invalid, would chaperon party. Experienced traveler. Best references. 3,302, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG professional woman wishes to go abroad this summer as companion for expenses only. 3,296, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TRAVELING tutor-companion. College man, certificated teacher. References. Available March 1. 3,289, Outlook.

YOUNG Catholic teacher desires position as companion or tutor during summer. Prefer traveling. 3,290, Outlook.

TEACHER of experience and refinement wants position in June; teaching, chaperoning, or business responsibilities. 3,293, Outlook.

ASSISTANT in children's institution. Protestant, age 26, good education, adaptability, and kindergarten experience. 3,300, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

A SUGGESTION—Sleep on a perfectly seasoned balsam pine pillow. Soothing, refreshing, invigorating (beautifying). Ask your doctor. Size 16" x 11", $1.35 postpaid. Pine Pillow Co., Dept. O, Inwood Station, N. Y.

NURSE will care for semi-invalids or elderly persons in her home. Mrs. Osborne, 612 Lincoln Ave., Dunellen, N. J.

FOR sale—Paisley shawl, good condition. 3,273, Outlook.

FREE TUITION—including even board and room, to young women ages 18 to 35 learning in New York City or Chicago institutions a recognized profession paying $200 month salary on graduation. Apply for details to 1101 Times Bldg., Times Sq., N. Y. C., or 1515 Capitol Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED—Educated adult male to assume care, instruction, companionship and general management in own home of slightly mentally defective young man of twenty-two. No bad habits. Best references given and required. Dr. H. M. Joy, Calumet, Mich.

FOR sale—Rare historical flasks, Sandwich glass compote, glass cup-plates, both historical and conventional. 3,304, Outlook.

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THE MAIL BAG

IN DEFENSE OF MR. CORNTOSSEL

In your issue of January 24 I note an article by Lewis Edwin Theiss dealing with some aspects of milk production and distribution. Mr. Theiss makes two complaints: (1) That the farmer, through ignorance and neglect of scientific methods, is retarding the production of milk; and (2) that the consumer, on account of his unwillingness to sanction a fair compensation to the farmer for the slaughter of tuberculous dairy cows, must in the long run pay much heavier bills to cover costs of pasteurization and sanitariums.

With the second of these complaints I am in full accord. Milk from tuberculous cows should not be consumed unless pasteurized, and pasteurization is costly to the consumer. It would be better for the consumer, therefore, to condemn and kill the tubercular cattle and pay the farmer for his loss with the money saved through the consequent elimination of the necessity for pasteurization. Thus the consumer would protect himself, and at the same time a menace to the dairy industry would be removed from the farm.

As to the first complaint, however, a word should be said in behalf of the farmer. Mr. Theiss says that the farmer is ignorant of his own business, that this ignorance would be ludicrous if it were not tragic. Upon one occasion, he says, when he was negotiating for the purchase of a cow, the farmer-owner was so ignorant of her qualities at the pail as to assert that she gave seven gallons a day (a tremendous yield), only to be set right by his wife a little later on.

Probably the good woman did not realize that a trade was pending, for her action defied all accepted standards of rural ethics for such cases. However, her husband *was* an uncommonly big liar. Hereabouts a cow for sale is usually rated at no more than five gallons—*i.e.*, "the old woman lets the calf suck half and then milks a ten-pound lard bucket lippin' full twice." So it seems that these farmers are unusually frank and conscientious. I remember that when my neighbor decided to sell Old Kate, who had a glass eye, a very ugly barb-wire scar on one leg, and a disposition to balk, he scrupulously called the prospective customer's attention to the first two of these defects, as well as to a small wart on the nose, adding that the thought of taking the slightest advantage of a fellow-citizen was repugnant to him.

Last August, Mr. Theiss says, he changed farmers on his farm. The man who left was an "old-type" farmer who had been farming for a quarter of a century. He was "incapable of reasoning" and "did not know how to feed animals properly, and, moreover, would not be taught." The new man was presumably well versed in the science of animal husbandry, an adept at balancing rations, for under his ministrations the milk yield increased twelve per cent. Now, I, too, balance rations for my cattle, so I would not belittle the efforts of the new man; but, in justice to the old farmer, it might be asked whether the increase in milk was not achieved at the expense of a twelve per cent or greater increase in feed costs. Not more milk, but more money, is the test of the success of the farmer, old or new, for if the income does not increase along with the milk flow nothing has been gained.

A certain cow, according to Mr. Theiss, fed by the Department of Agriculture on pasture, silage, and alfalfa hay, produced in one year 470 pounds of butter-fat. The next year, given the same amount of roughage and 7,056 pounds of grain in addition, this cow produced 823 pounds of butter-fat. That is, by adding 7,056 pounds of grain to the ration 353 pounds of butter-fat were produced. As Mr. Theiss remarks, this is an excellent illustration of how milk production may be increased by proper feeding. It is also a fine illustration of how many a new-type farmer has gone to the wall. For 7,056 pounds of grain at $30 a ton costs $105.84, and 353 pounds of butter-fat at 30 cents a pound sells for $105.90, thus leaving the astute farmer 6 cents for his trouble, which includes hauling and mixing the grain and drawing and separating the milk, to say nothing of the intellectual effort spent in solving the "nice little problem" of balancing the ration, which "calls for a keen, analytical, observant mind."

Long before the passage of the Hatch Act farmers knew that cows produced more milk on clover than on timothy, that a little bran was a help to the best of chops, and that corn stover was not fit for cows in milk. "What Every Farmer Knows," written fifty years ago, would have made a big volume, and one which might be perused with some profit even in this enlightened day.

"Give that spotted heifer a little more cottonseed meal and cut down on the ground corn," bawls Farmer Corntossel to his hired man, at the same time deftly parrying a sideswipe from Old Pied. "And you might cut out Red's grain entirely—she don't give enough to pay for the feed." Thus does Farmer Corntossel handle the intricate problem of feeding. His mind may not be very keen or analytical, but from the vantage-point of a one-legged milk-stool it functions practically, at least. Maybe he has never read that what the heifer needs is a higher percentage of protein in her feed. He *does* know that a little more meal and less corn will get better results. Maybe he does not reflect, after having carefully inspected all the records, that Red has reached the point of diminishing returns, and that hereafter each additional unit of feed will give increasingly smaller yields. He *does* know that it is about time for Red to go dry, and that grain eaten by her now will boost the feed bill more than the cream check.

Not long ago a dairy farmer of my State went bankrupt. He was a scientific farmer, with a fine herd, fine equipment, and fine market. By every mark he should have succeeded in making a living. I do not know what the trouble was. It may have been that he was feeding his cows to see how much they could produce, as the Department of Agriculture fed the Holstein. Anyway, at the end of a few years his liabilities exceeded his assets by seven or eight thousand dollars, and to-day his customers are supplied by a man who feeds his cows "a scoopful of this and a pailful of that," and maybe not much of either.

I was reared in town, and completed an agricultural course, as well as several others, and so I do not decry the new farmer. For the past few years I have been working for other farmers and farming for myself. I weigh each cow's milk and test it—when there is time—and balance the rations, and so forth, yet I have a great deal of respect for the farmer who does not. Farming is first of all an art, and it would be remarkable if men who have been making a living at it for the last quarter century or more, and their fathers before them, had not to a considerable extent mastered the art. At least they are not so ignorant of their business as is sometimes supposed.

PAUL H. MILLAR.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

NO MORAL DELUSIONS

THE OUTLOOK has never published anything richer in truth or clearer in statement than the editorial in the issue of January 31 entitled "Wanted—Courage." The two views of the war are set forth with such logical accuracy that the dividing line is plainly visible; and the moral issue between forgiveness of individual wrong and feebly condoning crimes against humanity is made very clear. The chief causes of the wave of German sympathy which has lately swept us away from truth and common sense are of course a very active propaganda (of which the writer has had some evidence) and the sentimentality to which as a people we are prone. That the influence of The Outlook is so finely and so definitely thrown upon the side of right is a valuable development at this critical time. Your analysis of the quality of President Wilson's neutrality during the war

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is also a thing to rejoice the hearts of those who see these questions clearly, and are not subject to moral delusions and false "idealisms."

New York City. MARION C. SMITH.

A GOOD EXAMPLE

SUPERIOR Judge A. C. Hoppman of the Municipal Court of Madison, Wisconsin, has devised a method to reduce litigation in his court, at the same time lessening expenses. About a week before the opening of court term he calls before him the attorneys of opposing sides in each suit on his calendar, or, if no attorney is engaged for one of the parties, then the principal himself, to talk over the matter at issue informally, to see whether some settlement is possible. If so, the suit is stricken from the list, but if not, then its status is exactly what it was before the conference.

Settlements are made in many cases, saving trouble, time, and money. As the jury panel is not called to duty until after the conferences, that expense is lessened, in addition to the saving in the shortened term. According to data issued at the close of 1922, settlement of cases resulted in a saving of approximately $32,000 during the last three months of 1922, aside from costs saved the litigants themselves.

MRS. CHARLES GIDDINGS.

Madison, Wisconsin.

IS IT OR ISN'T IT?—BILL ADAMS INQUIRES OF AN OUTLOOK EDITOR

FRIEND PULSIFER: When I wrote the inclosed, I said to myself, "There, b'gosh! If that's not poetry, I'll eat my hat."

Well, I've only got one hat. My wife paid seven dollars for it—under protest. It is a nice hat—sort of pale warm hairy brown color and makes me look like an esteemed professor to some extent. I hate to eat it. I want to get my seven dollars of wear out of it first. I've only had it two years thus far. Besides, it might not be nourishing at all.

You're a poet. I leave it to you. I'm not a poet; but others do try to write poetry now and then. I was in Berkeley a few days ago and saw a genuine honest-to-goodness poet. He was knock-kneed, and he wore pale-gray knickerbockers and spectacles. He had an odd-looking cap, and very long hair. He was walking up the business district, looking at the clouds, with a package of breakfast food in one hand and a walking-stick in the other, and his lips were moving. Gosh! I bet he was making a poem, wasn't he?

I sent the inclosed to a friend of mine who is all Irish and who cannot eat anything if there is an Englishman within a mile. Said friend wrote me, "Your lines take me right back to County Cork."

I sent them also to a friend who is of the county of Kent, England, and very, very English. Said friend wrote me, "I see my dear Kent when I read your lines."

I ask you, as man to man, what but a poem could thus strike such an opposite-minded pair of folks?

Anyway, I leave it to you.

I beg your pardon for bothering you; but you see *you* ARE a poet.

Beg pardon! This has nothing to do with the man I saw in Berkeley the other day. BILL ADAMS.

MEMORY

BY BILL ADAMS

There's a wind, and birds awing,
Flowers to help the birds to sing,
Rabbits running through the hedges,
Blackbirds whistling in the sedges,
Brooks that lose themselves in moss
In green meadows, half across;
Motley cows with twisty horns
Nose amidst the white hawthorns;
There's a milkmaid with a smile
Picking violets by a stile;
There's a sheep-dog half asleep,
Dreamy, watching dozing sheep;
Foxgloves nod along the meadow
Underneath the elm tree's shadow;
There's a gypsy at the smithy
Selling baskets made of withy;
There's an old man, worn and frail,
Hobbling with his dinner-pail—
I'm a schoolboy with my slate
Swinging on the pasture gate.

. . . . . .

I'm an old man with moist eyes
Hearing lovely melodies.

JUST NORMAL

AS substantiating the inferences in The Outlook's editorial "Invisible Injustice," in the issue of January 3, it is of interest to quote actual records tending to show the improbability of the existence of any systematic attempt to burn the churches and institutions of any religious sect, Catholic or otherwise, notwithstanding a persistent propaganda setting forth such a condition.

Some thirteen Catholic churches and institutions in Canada have been cited to date, and no reference has yet been seen in the press as to the normal fire loss to be expected in church hazards, nor to the fact that even in the United States insurance authorities estimate that we burn *twelve churches* each normal week of the year.

In the period ending 1915 the annual fire loss in Canada had become so high that the Commission of Conservation of Canada felt justified in issuing as of date May 15, 1918, a special document entitled "Fire Waste in Canada," which shows that the per capita fire loss exceeded even the known high loss for the United States, and that in a period of *four years only*, ending with 1915, a total of 282 churches or Sunday schools were lost or damaged by fire in Canada, the highest number being 101 in 1914, and the lowest 42 in 1915.

That Catholic institutions are so lost would be expected from the great numerical excess of that sect in Canada, and probably from other structural or operative reasons.

HENRY PARSONS JONES,
Engineer and Architect.

Bennington, Vermont.

LIEBERMAN, OUR GUEST

"CHILDISH enthusiasm," was our first comment upon "Why Not a Family Gathering?" in your issue of January 10. We are usually pragmatic.

But last night Mr. Lieberman was our invited guest. We put our feet under the same table, as it were, and talked as man to man for some minutes. Bob and I—Bob is my best friend; he says that he waited eighteen years so that he could be born in my house—Bob and I feel that we are going to be better Americans because of Mr. Lieberman's visit; and we should like to extend the hand of fellowship to him, should he ever come to northern California.

Alturas, California. JACK.

HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

AFTER reading with interest in the January 10 issue of The Outlook your article on the "Buckner Case" and the accompanying comments, we desire to express our appreciation of the stand you take.

Mr. Buckner's sermons are criticised definitely and at some length for their negative and destructive tendencies by men who have never heard him preach. Knowing his aggressive and constructive ideas and his willingness to discuss live issues, we, who have been listening to Mr. Buckner's sermons for eleven years, submit the following testimony: During all his pastorate at Aurora he has taught a large men's Bible class, giving an hour to the discussion of the topic in hand each week. Here his teachings have been anything but negative. Both in his preaching and teaching he has laid special emphasis upon building the kingdom of God on earth and bringing the spirit of God into the lives of men until He shall dominate the society of the world.

GLENN ANAWALT.	J. W. HAWORTH.
S. B. OTTO.	R. PETERSON.
W. S. THOMAS.	A. E. SIEKMANN.
MRS. FRANK HOGG.	E. W. WHITE.
C. E. BRADBURY.	B. W. WOODFORD.
CHAS. E. PETERSON.	C. S. BROWN.
MRS. WM. SAUTTER.	H. E. TOOF.
HARVEY E. WOOD.	D. W. CALL.
C. W. WOOD.	C. R. SCOVILL.
H. H. LEYMASTER.	G. E. FINCH.

RALPH OTTO.

NOTE. The above are officers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Aurora, Nebraska.

Aurora, Nebraska.

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GENERAL PATRICK'S PROPHECY

BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

We stand on the threshold of a new transportation, the air-ways, Major-General Patrick, Chief of the Air Service, U. S. A., tells us. Within twenty years, at the outside limit, General Patrick believes the United States will be "gridironed" by air lanes. Commercial transportation of passengers and the less bulky kinds of freight will be as commonplace as rail transportation to-day.

We shall have various levels of flying; this for the heavier-than-air passenger craft; that for the family flying "flivver;" the other for the airship, or dirigible. Traffic police will patrol the skies; speed laws may be established, limiting vehicles to 200 miles an hour or less; a day's ride will take the passenger from coast to coast.

General Patrick also foresees the all-metal plane turned out in such great quantities as to permit the man in moderate circumstances to own and operate his individual flier. He foresees the development of a new fuel and type of engine, the latter of low horse-power, the former of considerably less cost than gasoline. He predicts the establishment of safety in aviation—maybe not the fool-proof airplane, but certainly a machine that the average automobile driver will be capable of learning to manipulate and operate.

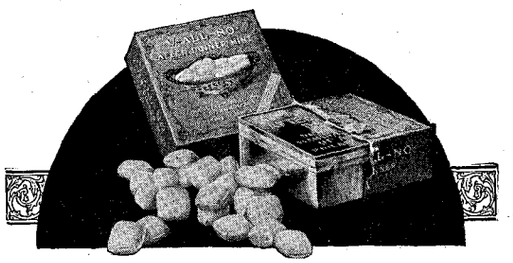
If the forecast came from one less well informed than General Patrick we should be inclined to doubt it. The earth holds a lure for the unimaginative—and that means most of us—that the air will never displace. Most of us prefer earth, safety, and a speed of, say, thirty to forty miles an hour in a Pullman to the skies and two hundred miles an hour. It may be that education in aviation will change this.

With it all, General Patrick foresees the continuance of the passenger train as the favorite form of transportation, at least for comparatively short distances—anything up to a night's ride. The airplane and the airship will not displace the railway train.

And, with a final touch of prophecy, General Patrick foresees within a score of years the charting of those few remaining places in the world which are to-day unknown to man. The waters of the Arctic and the Antarctic, the northernmost and southernmost shores of our continents—these, he believes, will soon be shorn of all secrets.

A trip to the North Pole and return by a dirigible capable of carrying two hundred passengers in comfort and of making the journey from Boston and return without landing, if desirable, he believes will be a development of the next twenty years.

The world always was a more or less interesting place. It will be more interesting to-morrow, General Patrick says, than in all the yesterdays since time began.



U-ALL-NO After Dinner Mints never pall, never weary your taste. When you eat one you think you've captured the essence of enjoyment. Then it's gone—till you eat another.

Packed in 10- and 25-cent sizes—in tin boxes to keep the flavor in. If your dealer hasn't them, send the price direct to us and you'll get your Mints.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

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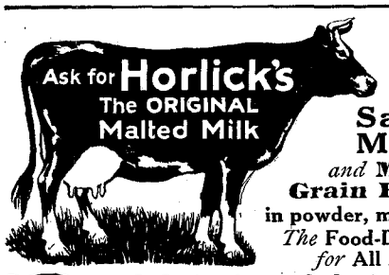
AFTER DINNER MINT



Safe Milk *and* Malt Grain Ext., in powder, makes *The* Food-Drink *for* All Ages

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma.

The popularity of Vapo-Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

Vapo-Cresolene Est. 1879 "Used While You Sleep"

The household remedy for bronchial troubles

Sold by druggists

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THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt Street, New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES

QUICKLY RELIEVE COUGHING

Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Colds, Loss of Voice, Catarrhal and Asthmatic conditions. Harmless — no opiates. Not candy but a cough remedy. At druggists.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

General Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. New York London Toronto

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(*Under Contract with Bermuda Gov't.*)

All Sports in a Climate of Everlasting Spring

—Only 2 Days from New York

Golf (Two 18-Hole Courses), Tennis, Motor Boating, Sailing, Bathing, Riding, Horse Racing, Trap-shooting, etc.

No Passports

Sailings Twice Weekly

From New York Wed. & Sat.
Via Palatial, Twin-Screw, Oil-Burning, Transatlantic Liners

S.S. "Fort Victoria"
S.S. "Fort St. George"

Each 14,000 Tons Displacement

Fastest steamers — landing passengers directly at Hamilton Dock, avoiding the inconvenience of transfer by tender. Tickets interchangeable.

Furness Bermuda Line
34 Whitehall St., New York
Or any Local Tourist Agent

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It's great after shaving

IF you've never doused clear Listerine on your face after shaving, you've missed something good.

Just try it tomorrow morning. See what a delightful, exhilarating feeling it brings to your face—how it "sets you up" for breakfast and the day's work.

You'll want it after your shave every morning.

Listerine provides the ideally safe antiseptic lotion. It is composed of a pure saturated solution of boric acid, skillfully and always uniformly blended with healing, fragrant oils.

Fresh, clean, cool and safely antiseptic

Thus it allays irritation and guards against infection that might come from any abrasion or nick your razor may leave.

Read the circular that comes packed with each bottle. It describes dozens of other uses for this excellent antiseptic—uses that have kept Listerine ever growing in popularity for the past half century.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE
—the safe antiseptic

BY THE WAY

"THE eighteen-year-old boy was in bed with a good case of confluent smallpox," a physician writes to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association. "The father was before a table spread with works on 'New Thought,' etc. Hoping to trace the infection, I asked: 'Do you have any idea where he got this?' The parents, in unison, said 'Yes.' Then they explained. A few days before, the school-teacher had written on the board: 'Typhoid, Smallpox, Tuberculosis.' The boy immediately forgot the first and last but kept the second in his mind until he came down with it. I suppose we should take steps to prevent school-children from taking these contagious diseases off the blackboard!"

At a bend in the river opposite a likely pool a portly gentleman in new fishing togs, according to "Harpers," stopped a native in order to obtain some information about the surrounding country.

"Do you suppose," asked the city man, "that it would be worth my while to try fishing round here?"

"Well," said the native, thrusting his hands into his pockets and settling back on his heels, "the fishin' ain't good, but of course I don't know how ye value your time."

In the "Diary of Joseph Farington," extracts from which are appearing in the "Atlantic Monthly," Gainsborough's celebrated picture "The Blue Boy" is thus mentioned under date of May 25, 1802:

"I went to Nesbitts sale in Grafton-street, where I met Hoppner, who had purchased the Boy in Blue dress by Gainsborough which was Buthalls, for 65 guineas. At Buthalls sale it was sold for 35 to Mr. Nesbitt."

This was the famous Blue Boy, which Mr. Huntington, the American collector, recently purchased from the Duke of Westminster, for £170,000, it is said. The picture had previously been stolen, it will be remembered, and was recovered after several years' search for it—in this respect paralleling the history of another even more famous painting, Leonardo's "Mona Lisa."

Another entry in Farington's Diary concerns Gainsborough:

". . . Gainsborough said it was a portrait of Mr. Pitt, who he said came the day before to sit for his picture, and on coming into the painting room sat down in the Sitters Chair, and taking out a book, began to read.—Gainsborough, struck with the hauteur and disrespectful manner of Mr. Pitt, treated him in this way. He took up his pallet & seeming to be trifling among his colours, began carelessly to hum, 'Toll, loll de roll;' on hearing which Mr. Pitt recollected himself, *shut his book*, and sat in a proper manner."

The following passage in Farington's Diary refers to American women of the Colonial period, and particularly those of Philadelphia:

"The women in Philadelphia are universally handsome. . . . Both in person and manner they are much above the men, who have not the same pleasing address, & have in their speaking a peculiar and what may be called a yanky tone of voice.' It was observed by British Officers who were in America during the War with England, that the Women were in all respects a century in improvement before the men."

A salesman who traveled in the mountain district of Kentucky employed an intelligent colored man for a driver over roads that were impassable for an automobile.

This driver, as related in a current magazine, was unusually skillful in the use of a whip. He could tap a fly on the horse's neck, pick off an apple from a tree, or snap a bloom from a plant.

The salesman saw a hornet's nest down the road.

"George," said the salesman, "see if you can cut down that hornet's nest."

George fixed his eyes on his employer.

"Lemme tell you something," he said. "Flies and apples and hollyhocks is all right to play with, but hornets is different. They's organized."

"In all orthodox villages of the land the moon rises in the east," remarks a contributor to a symposium in the New York "Herald" on the causes of divorce. "But when a Los Angeles man took his wife to a small town she casually remarked that the moon seemed to be a trifle off—that it wasn't coming up in the same direction as it did at home. This, according to a divorce action filed by the wife, so angered her husband that he became unbearable. For weeks he argued with her over the moon and finally resorted to violence in his effort to prove that he was right. She at last gave in, and then got a divorce."

Apropos of discussions about the moon, a subscriber sends us this clipping, credited to an unnamed member of the recent "Cambridge meeting of scientists:"

> I was reading a work of an English novelist of distinction—Galsworthy—the other day, and in one of the touching scenes of the work he has the new moon rising over the trees. Well, I wondered how anybody could be so old and wise as Galsworthy and still think that the new moon ever rose over the trees. Don't we ever think about the moon? No; apparently we do not. One of my friends who is an astronomer once said that he thought the only assured result of a course in astronomy was to enable the student at the end of it to distinguish between the sun and the moon. Even that does not happen in any very satisfactory way, because you easily get confused at least about the apparent relations of the sun and the moon in the moon's monthly progress.

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